

984

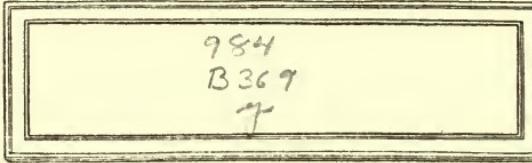
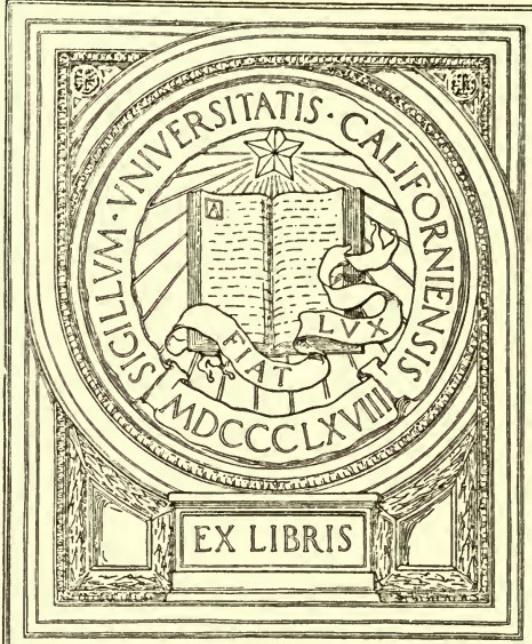
B369

y

SB 29 167



YC 16057



# Ye Towne Gossip



\* \* \*

I THANK you.

\* \* \*

by  
“K.C.B.”







YE TOWNE GOSSIP



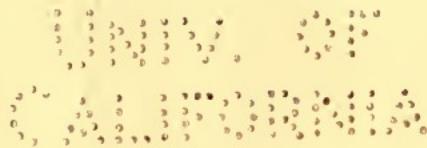
Boye Photo

**KENNETH C. BEATON ("K. C. B.")**

# YE TOWNE GOSSIP

By "K. C. B."

*Kenneth C. Beaton*  
*Being Selections from the Humorous*  
*and Sentimental Writings of*  
*Kenneth C. Beaton in the San*  
*Francisco "Examiner" and*  
*Seattle "Post-Intelligencer"*



SAN FRANCISCO  
SAMUEL LEVINSON, PUBLISHER

1915

COPYRIGHT 1915, BY  
KENNETH C. BEATON

"GO VIVI  
AMAZONIA!"

# c o n t e n t s

	PAGE
Mr. Bryan and the Absent Bean.....	1
"And I Wasn't Dressed" .....	2
The Ambitious Motorcycle.....	3
"I Can't Stand Those Cheerful Callers".....	4
A Bottle of Scotch for Father's Weak Heart.....	5
Nearly Bit by a Ford.....	6
"I Almost Delivered the Butter—But!!!".....	7
"Ain't Men the Nuts?".....	8
"I Thank You, Mother Dear".....	9
A Pants Yarn of Whole Cloth.....	10
Down in the Valley Where the Muir Woods Lie.....	11
Nearly a Daddy .....	12
The Boy, the Man and the Bicycle.....	13
Souvenir Prunes and Sticky Handshakes.....	14
The Story of the Blind Man.....	15
At the Pacific Union Morgue .....	16
"It's a Rotten Trip to Petaluma on a Boat".....	17
Sweetheart and Gallant.....	18
The Tale of a Cat.....	19
More About the Cat's Tale .....	20
"I'm Neutral".....	21
"Why Must I Lie to Be Polite?".....	22
"And I Was Stuck for the Lunch".....	23
"He Says He Licked Me and He Never Did".....	24
The Joy of Living.....	25
"It's a Perfect Fit if You Don't Cough".....	26
Read This Fast; Without Taking a Breath.....	27
"You Can Search Me!".....	28
"But He Can't Eat More Than I".....	29
"You've Got Me Skinned a Thousand Ways".....	30
What the Barber Did to Me.....	31
"We Have With Us Today—".....	32
A Conundrum .....	33
"I Thank You, Boy, for Six Fine Weeks".....	34
The Cheery Optimist .....	35
The Story of the Wooden Leg.....	36
"It Matters Not Where Any One of Us Were Born"....	37
"Pastor, I Apologize".....	38
Mothers' Day .....	39
"There's Something on Me".....	40
A Puppy Tale .....	41
"Listen, Elsie, I'm in Trouble".....	42
"And Elsie Didn't Laugh".....	43
Memorial Day .....	44
"I'll Starch My Socks and Won't Need Garters".....	45
Dancing Mittens for Low Neck Gowns.....	46
If. A New Year's Resolve.....	47
The Willful Garden Hose.....	48
Those Nurses Are Nice Girls.....	49
"I'll Tell It to the Circus Man and You".....	50

**M22770**



I THANK you.

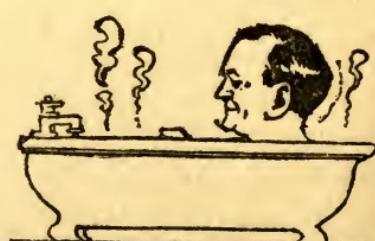
EIGHTEEN YEARS ago.  
 IN MINNEAPOLIS.  
 I HIRED a hack.  
 TO TAKE W. J. Bryan.  
 FROM THE depot.  
 TO THE West Hotel.  
 AND I paid for it.  
 AND IT cost a dollar.  
 AND SINCE then.  
 EVERY TIME I see him.  
 IT MAKES me mad.  
 AND MONDAY.  
 HE LOOKED so fat.  
 AND EVERYTHING.  
 AND I had to eat beans.  
 IN A cafeteria.  
 ON THE fair grounds.  
 OR GO home.  
 AND NOT see the fireworks.  
 OR ANYTHING.  
 IF HE was thin.  
 I WOULDN'T worry.  
 HE COULD have the dollar.  
 OR THE hack ride.  
 OR WHATEVER it is.  
 IT MAKES me mad.  
 TO HAVE a fat man.  
 OWE ME money.  
 AND ANYWAY.  
 AFTER ART Smith.  
 HAD LIVED again.  
 AND THE Tower of Jewels.  
 HAD BEEN burned.  
 FOR THE hicks.  
 AND I'D thrown away.  
 THE CUP and saucer.  
 THAT WE'D won.  
 AT THE Japanese village.  
 AND I'D sat on.  
 AND BROKE.  
 WE WENT home.

AND I went to bed.  
 AND I shouldn't eat.  
 AT A cafeteria.  
 I HAD a nightmare.  
 AND DREAMED.  
 THAT I'D gone to lunch.  
 WITH MR. BRYAN.  
 AND WE'D ordered beans.  
 AND TEA.  
 AND WHILE we were eating.  
 MR. BRYAN got down.  
 UNDER THE table.  
 ON HIS hands and knees.  
 AND WAS looking around.  
 ON THE floor.  
 AND I got down.  
 AND SAID:  
 "WHAT'S THE matter?"  
 AND HE looked up.  
 AND SAID:  
 "I'VE LOST a bean."  
 AND WE searched.  
 FOR AN hour.  
 AND COULDN'T find it.  
 AND LEFT a sign.  
 THAT SAID:  
 "IF YOU find a bean.  
 IT'S MINE.  
 "WILLIAM J. BRYAN."



UP WHERE I live.  
ON JONES street.  
THERE ARE four floors.  
AND TWO apartments.  
ON EACH floor.  
AND FRIDAY afternoon.  
I WAS home alone.  
GETTING DRESSED.  
TO GO out to dinner.  
AND THE bell rang.  
FROM DOWNSTAIRS.  
AND I answered the little phone.  
AND NO one spoke.  
AND THE bell rang.  
FOR THE second time.  
AND I pushed the little button.  
THAT OPENS the door.  
AND SNEAKED out.  
TO THE hall door.  
AND OPENED it.  
AND LOOKED out.  
AND THERE was no one there.  
AND TIPTOED.  
TO THE baluster.  
AND LOOKED over.  
AND COULDN'T see anybody.  
AND JUST then.  
THE DOOR I came out.  
WAS BLOWN shut.  
AND THE latchkey.  
WAS IN my pocket.  
IN MY room.  
AND THERE I was.  
ON THE landing place.  
BETWEEN TWO doors.  
AND I daren't go up.  
AND I daren't go down.  
AND I wasn't dressed.  
TO MEET anybody.  
AND I was so scared.  
THAT THE first person.

TO ARRIVE.  
WOULDN'T BE a man.  
THAT I got cold.  
AND SHIVERED.  
AND AFTER a while.  
THE FRONT door opened.  
AWAY DOWNSTAIRS.  
AND SOME one came in.  
AND I prayed.  
IF IT was a woman.  
THAT SHE'D stop.  
ON THE first floor.  
BUT SHE didn't.  
AND IT wasn't a woman.  
IT WAS A. C. Haskin.  
WHO LIVES upstairs.  
AND WHEN I saw him.  
I THREW my arms around him.  
AND HE didn't know me.  
AND FOUGHT.  
AND I had to tell him.  
WHO I was.  
AND HOW it happened.  
AND HE took me upstairs.  
AND LOANED me a pair.  
OF HIS own.  
AND I went out.  
THROUGH THE kitchen door.  
AND DOWNSTAIRS.  
AND BROKE the screen.  
OFF THE window.  
AND GOT in.  
AND WAS late for dinner.



I THANK you.

ONE HARRY Lusk.  
 WHO IS an electrician.  
 IN "THE Examiner" office.  
 AND UNTIL yesterday.  
 WAS MY friend.  
 ON THAT day.  
 CAJOLED ME.  
 INTO THE rear seat.  
 OF A motorcycle.  
 AND PULLED something.  
 AND SOMETHING underneath.  
 EXPLODED.  
 AND ALL the buildings.  
 BEGAN TO run together.  
 INTO STREAKS.  
 AND AUTOMOBILES.  
 SHOT UP.  
 OUT OF the pavement.  
 AND WENT back.  
 AND MEN and women.  
 AND CHILDREN.  
 AND DOGS.  
 BOBBED UP.  
 AND WERE destroyed.  
 BY THE bombs.  
 WE WERE throwing.  
 AND I opened my mouth.  
 TO SPEAK.  
 AND HAD to turn my head.  
 TO CLOSE it.  
 AND PRAYED.  
 THAT SOMETHING.  
 WOULD HAPPEN.  
 TO HARRY.  
 AND LEAVE me.  
 AND THEN.  
 I LET go.  
 WITH MY hands.  
 AND REACHED for my knife.  
 TO STAB him.  
 IN THE back.

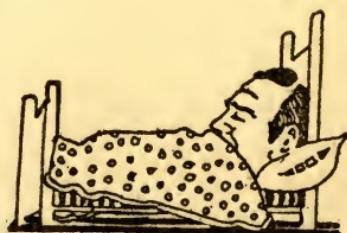
AND WE hit something.  
 AND WHEN I came down.  
 HARRY HAD gone.  
 WITH MY seat.  
 AND I had landed.  
 ON A concrete base.  
 THAT DIDN'T give.  
 AND I grunted.  
 LIKE A pig.  
 AND A little man.  
 CAME OUT of a house.  
 AT SAN Jose.  
 OR LOS Angeles.  
 OR SAN Diego.  
 OR WHEREVER it was.  
 AND SAID:  
 "WHAT'S THE matter?"  
 AND I said:  
 "I CAME this far.  
 WITH A friend.  
 WHO HAS to be in Mexico.  
 IN AN hour."  
 AND THE man said:  
 "HE'LL HAVE to go some."  
 AND I said:  
 "HE IS.  
 HE'S THERE now."  
 AND THERE'S just one thing.  
 THAT'S WORSE.  
 THAN RIDING a motorcycle.  
 AND THAT'S letting go.  
 LIKE I did.



I THANK you.

IT WAS Friday morning.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND I was still sick.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND FULL of lemonade.  
 \* \* \*  
 THAT WAS hot.  
 \* \* \*  
 WHEN I took it.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND I hadn't sweat.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND I was cold.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND GOOSE pimply.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND EVERYTHING.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND THE bell rang.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND IT was a friend of mine.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND HE wanted to see me.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND HE came up.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND I was glad.  
 \* \* \*  
 BECAUSE ALWAYS.  
 \* \* \*  
 HE'S FULL of fun.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND TELLS stories.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND LAUGHS.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND HE had some flowers.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND FRUIT.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND SAT down.  
 \* \* \*  
 BY THE bed.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND HE didn't smile.  
 \* \* \*  
 OR ANYTHING.  
 \* \* \*  
 HE SHOOK hands.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND SAID he was sorry.  
 \* \* \*  
 I WAS sick.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND THAT the last time.  
 \* \* \*  
 HE'D CALLED.  
 \* \* \*  
 ON A sick friend.  
 \* \* \*  
 HE'D NEVER forget it.  
 \* \* \*  
 IT WAS so sad.  
 \* \* \*  
 HE HAD such a nice wife.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND WAS so happy.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND IT was all so sudden.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND AFTERWARDS.  
 \* \* \*  
 IT WAS discovered.  
 \* \* \*  
 THAT HE'D left no will.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND THE poor wife.  
 \* \* \*  
 HE FELT so sorry for her.  
 \* \* \*  
 IT WAS an awful mess.

IT WAS a shame.  
 \* \* \*  
 FOR A man.  
 \* \* \*  
 NOT TO have a will.  
 \* \* \*  
 YOU NEVER can tell.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND DID I like the flowers?  
 \* \* \*  
 HE'D JUST got them.  
 \* \* \*  
 FROM THE one-armed man.  
 \* \* \*  
 ON GRANT avenue.  
 \* \* \*  
 HE WAS such a nice man.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND SO reasonable.  
 \* \* \*  
 A MONTH ago.  
 \* \* \*  
 HE'D BOUGHT a big wreath.  
 \* \* \*  
 FROM THE same man.  
 \* \* \*  
 WITH "REST in Peace."  
 \* \* \*  
 ACROSS THE front.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND ALL he charged.  
 \* \* \*  
 WAS \$7.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND IT was such a nice wreath.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND IF I ever bought flowers.  
 \* \* \*  
 I MUST buy them.  
 \* \* \*  
 FROM HIM.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND HE had to go now.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND HE'D be back.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND HE left.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND MY wife cried.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND I got up.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND GOT dressed.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND CAME downtown.  
 \* \* \*  
 I CAN'T stand.  
 \* \* \*  
 THOSE CHEERFUL callers.



Dear K. C. B.—May I suggest when you take those boys out for a chat that you dispense with the cigar that is shown in the mouth of that good man who appears just before "I thank you"? You would not, I'm sure, encourage this in the mother's boys whom you take for a stroll beside that rook and play bear with; nor would you influence the older boys. You may not smoke, but if you do, hide that cigar, just for a day, and I'll thank you. B. A. C.

## YEARS AGO.

WHEN I was a boy.  
I USED to belong.  
TO THE Band of Hope.  
AND ON Friday night.  
OF EVERY week.  
WE'D MEET in a room.  
IN THE Sunday school.  
AND STAND on our feet.  
AND RAISE our hands.  
WHILE THE minister stood.  
ON THE platform above.  
AND WE'D say after him.  
A WHOLE lot of stuff.  
THAT SO long as we lived.  
WE NEVER would use.  
  
A CIGAR.  
OR A pipe.  
OR A cigarette.  
AND WE never would drink.  
OR DO anything else.  
WITH TOBACCO.  
OR WHISKY.  
AND THEN after that.  
WE'D PLAY hide-and-go-seek.  
FOR AN hour or so.  
AND ONE night.  
WE DID that.  
AND CROF Goffatt was "it."  
AND I hid away.  
IN A shed.  
IN THE rear.  
OF THE minister's house.  
AND THE curtains were up.  
AND CRAWFORD he knew.

JUST WHERE I would hide.  
HE'D HID there himself.  
AND HE dug me right out.  
AND WE started to go.  
SO I could be "it."  
AND WE stopped.  
AND LOOKED in.  
TO THE minister's house.  
AND THERE was the minister.  
AND WITH him.  
THE MAN.  
WHO TAUGHT Bible class.  
IN THE church Sunday school.  
WITH A couple of pipes.  
AND A bottle of Scotch.  
OR WHATEVER it was.  
BUT I'M sure it was Scotch.  
FOR WE had some at home.  
FOR FATHER'S weak heart.  
AND EVER since then.  
THAT BAND of Hope thing.  
WAS A sort of a joke.  
WITH BOTH Crawford.  
AND ME.  
AND IT wouldn't have been.  
IF THEY'D been on the square.  
AND JUST told us how harmful.  
THESE THINGS were to boys.  
AND TO boys grown up.  
AND THAT'S what I'd do.  
IF I borrow these boys.



SOME DAY.  
 I'M GOING to reach out.  
 WITH MY cane.  
 IT'S GOT a big crook.  
 FOR A handle.  
 AND IT'S going to encircle.  
 THE NECK.  
 OF A jitney driver.  
 AND IF the cane holds.  
 AND THE neck holds.  
 WE'RE GOING into an alley.  
 THE THREE of us.  
 AND AFTER we're through.  
 A BIG gray car.  
 WITH A couch in it.  
 AND A place for a doctor.  
 IS GOING to come in.  
 TO THE alley.  
 AND ONE of us.  
 WILL BE lifted.  
 UNTO A stretcher.  
 AND SLID.  
 INTO THE rear entrance.  
 OF THE big car.  
 AND SOMEBODY.  
 IN THE crowd.  
 IS GOING to ask.  
 WHAT'S IT about.  
 AND I'M going to tell him.  
 THAT ALL I wanted.  
 WAS TO go to work.  
 AND I was across the street.  
 FROM THE office.  
 WAITING.  
 FOR A chance.  
 TO TAKE my life.  
 IN MY hands.  
 AND A policeman.  
 BLEW HIS whistle.  
 AND STOPPED all the cars.  
 ON MARKET street.

AND I started.  
 AND WAS half way over.  
 AND HE blew it again.  
 AND A Ford.  
 OR SOMETHING.  
 LEAPED AT me.  
 OUT OF the flock.  
 WITH A sign on it.  
 "WE GO anywhere."  
 AND I jumped.  
 RIGHT IN front.  
 OF THE biggest Buick.  
 THAT WAS ever made.  
 AND GOT excited.  
 AND COULDN'T get out.  
 AND HAD to run.  
 WITH CARS all around me.  
 FOR A block.  
 TILL THEY stopped again.  
 AND I'M going to tell them.  
 THAT THE man on the stretcher.  
 WAS THE driver.  
 OF THE Ford.  
 THAT WENT anywhere.  
 AND THEY'RE going to take me.  
 ON THEIR shoulders.  
 AND PARADE.  
 FROM THE ferry.  
 TO THE City Hall.  
 IT'LL BE a big day.  
 FOR THE common people.



PHINEAS PENDLETON.  
WHO USED to haberdash.  
TO SEATTLE'S exclusive set.  
BUT WHO didn't like it.  
BECAUSE HE had to keep.  
HIS CLOTHES clean.  
AND SHAVE every day.  
AND QUIT.  
AND WENT into the country.  
AND STOLE or bought.  
A LOT of hens and cows.  
AND URGED them.  
TO DO their best.  
AND THEY did.  
AND STILL are.  
DREW UP to the curb.  
WITH HIS automobile.  
AND ASKED me.  
IF I wanted to ride.  
DOWNTOWN.  
AND I looked at the auto.  
AND IT was covered with signs.  
ABOUT BUTTER and eggs.  
AND THE Redmond creamery.  
AND HAD a long box in the back.  
AND I had on yellow gloves.  
AND CARRIED a cane.  
AND I didn't think I'd look well.  
IN A delivery cart.  
AND PEN said:  
"MASSAYE YOU'RE too proud."  
AND I was.  
AND DIDN'T want him to know it.  
AND GOT in.  
AND HE wouldn't stop.  
UNTIL HE'D taken me.  
ALL OVER Capitol hill.  
AND THE first hill.  
AND NORTH Broadway.  
AND OUT there.  
HE HANDED me.

A PACKAGE of butter.  
AND SAID:  
"YOU RUN into Webster's.  
"WITH THIS.  
"WHILE I go.  
"OVER TO Mackintosh's."  
AND I took my cane.  
AND THE yellow gloves.  
AND THE butter.  
AND IT matched.  
WITH MY gloves.  
AND WALKED up.  
TO THE front door.  
AND EDGAR L. Webster.  
CAME TO the door.  
AND TOLD me.  
TO TAKE it around to the back.  
AND I refused.  
AND TOLD him.  
THAT I expected.  
EXACTLY THE same treatment.  
WHEN I came to deliver butter.  
AS WHEN I came to play bridge.  
AND AFTER a while.  
THE SERVANTS came out.  
AND PARTED us.  
AND IT was easy.  
BECAUSE WE were.  
ALL OVER butter.  
AND SLIPPERY.  
AND I went back to the auto.  
AND PEN said:  
"DID YOU deliver the butter?"  
AND I said: "Part of it.  
"I BROUGHT part of it back."  
AND WE scraped it off my clothes.  
AND SAVED it.  
AND MAYBE you'll get it.  
YOU NEVER can tell.  
I THANK you.

"HOW DOES it happen?"  
 I SAID to Roy Bishop.  
 AT THE Palace.  
 "THAT THERE'S so many.  
 PEDDLERS OF Turkish rugs.  
 "IN THE lobby?"  
 AND ROY said:  
 "THEY'RE NOT peddlers.  
 "THEY'RE SHRINERS."  
 AND WE stood around.  
 AND WATCHED.  
 AND AFTER a while.  
 I SAW one.  
 THAT I used to know.  
 IN MINNESOTA.  
 AND HE'S a banker.  
 AND AT home.  
 NOBODY CALLS him.  
 BY HIS first name.  
 AND WHEN he rides all alone.  
 IN THE back seat.  
 OF HIS automobile.  
 HE LOOKS.  
 AS THOUGH he thought.  
 THAT EVERYBODY.  
 WAS TALKING about him.  
 AND IT was a terrible shock.  
 WHEN I saw him.  
 HIS LEGS were encased.  
 IN YELLOW bloomers.  
 AND HE wore a shirt waist.  
 OR SOMETHING.  
 I DON'T know what.  
 AND IT was red.  
 AND HE had a little hat.  
 WITH A tassel.  
 ON THE top.  
 AND A funny little vest.  
 THAT LOOKED like an ad.  
 FOR CIGARETTES.  
 AND I tried to imagine him.

BACK AT home.  
 TELLING A man.  
 HE'D SUBMIT his proposal.  
 TO THE board of directors.  
 AND I couldn't.  
 AND WENT over.  
 AND WE shook hands.  
 AND I told him a story.  
 ABOUT AN uncle.  
 I USED to live with.  
 WHEN I was a boy.  
 AND I was afraid of him.  
 AND ALWAYS obeyed him.  
 AND ONE time.  
 HE JOINED.  
 THE KNIGHTS of Pythias.  
 AND WENT in a parade.  
 AND CARRIED a sword.  
 AND WORE a big feather.  
 IN HIS hat.  
 AND AFTER that.  
 I NEVER paid any attention.  
 TO ANYTHING he said.  
 AND A few minutes later.  
 WE WERE joined.  
 BY THE banker's wife.  
 AND HE made her go back.  
 AND CHANGE her hat.  
 BECAUSE HE didn't like.  
 THE ONE she had on.  
 IF SHE was going with him.  
 AIN'T MEN the nuts?



I THANK you.

FOR WHAT you did to me.  
 DEAR MOTHER mine.  
 N THAT old shed back home.  
 HE MORNING I set fire  
 O THE Schadding barn.  
 NOW forgive you.  
 OR THE time.  
 OU TOOK me by the ear.  
 WHEN I refused to come.  
 ND RAKE the leaves.  
 ND LED me through.  
 HOWLING, jeering.  
 IOB OF playmates.  
 DEAR MOTHER.  
 FORGIVE you.  
 OR THE hours I spent in closets.  
 WHILE OTHERS played.  
 ND FOR the million chips.  
 PICKED.  
 S PUNISHMENT.  
 ND FOR the times.  
 OU SENT me from the table.  
 FORGIVE you.  
 MOTHER DEAR.  
 ND FOR the times.  
 OU SENT me back.  
 O WASH behind my ears.  
 ND SEARCHED so carefully.  
 ENEATH MY collar.  
 O SEE if I had washed my neck.  
 DEAR MOTHER mine.  
 OR ALL these things.  
 NOW forgive you.  
 ND I thank you.  
 MOTHER DEAR.  
 OR THE times you failed.  
 O KEEP your threats.  
 O TELL my dad.  
 F SOME misdeed of mine.  
 OR YOUR protecting arm.  
 O MANY times.

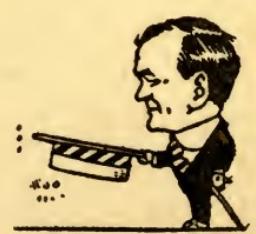
WHEN DEAR old Dad.  
 FELT MOVED.  
 TO VENT himself.  
 WITH SLIPPER or hairbrush.  
 I THANK you.  
 MOTHER DEAR.  
 FOR THE jam.  
 I ATE.  
 BETWEEN MEAL times.  
 IN SPITE of rules.  
 THAT FATHER made.  
 AND FOR the hours.  
 I SPENT barefoot.  
 WHEN THE rain came down.  
 AND FILLED the yard with pools.  
 I THANK you.  
 FOR THE times.  
 THAT YOU declared.  
 "IT'S ALL right, Dad.  
 "I TOLD him he could do it.  
 "IF ANY one's to blame.  
 "IT'S I."  
 FOR ALL these things.  
 DEAR MOTHER mine.  
 I SEND to you.  
 IN HEAVEN.  
 THE THANKS of one.  
 WHO ALSO pleads forgiveness.  
 FOR THE thoughtless things.  
 HE DID.  
 THAT CAUSED you grief.  
 AND FOR the tears you shed.  
 AND NIGHTS you spent.  
 IN WAITING.  
 AND FINALLY.  
 FOR THE body that you gave me.  
 MOTHER MINE.



I THANK you.

YOU WOULDN'T believe it.  
 IF I told you.  
 THAT DAVE Warfield.  
 AND MOSE Gunst.  
 AND MILT Esberg.  
 SAW A man.  
 WITHOUT ANY arms.  
 AND DAVE said:  
 "HOW DO you suppose.  
 "THE POOR fellow.  
 "GETS INTO his pants?"  
 AND MILT said:  
 "MAYBE HE lays 'em down.  
 "AND CRAWLS into 'em."  
 AND MOSE said:  
 "HE COULDN'T do that.  
 "UNLESS THEY were starched."  
 AND DAVE said:  
 "HE COULD hold the suspenders.  
 "WITH HIS teeth.  
 "AND JUMP into 'em."  
 AND JUST then.  
 BILLY CRANE came along.  
 AND THEY asked him.  
 AND BILLY said.  
 IF HE was as young.  
 AS MILT Esberg.  
 HE'D SHOW them how.  
 AND AFTER a while.  
 BILLY CRANE made a bet.  
 WITH DAVE Warfield.  
 THAT MILT could do it.  
 AND THEY went upstairs.  
 TO DAVE'S rooms.  
 AND TIED Milt's arms.  
 AND GOT a pair of pants.  
 WITH A pair of suspenders.  
 AND GIVE 'em to Milt.  
 AND HE took 'em.  
 IN HIS teeth.  
 AND LAID 'em down.

AND TRIED to crawl into 'em.  
 AND COULDN'T.  
 THEY WERE like an accordion.  
 AND MILT was discouraged.  
 AND WANTED to quit.  
 BUT THEY wouldn't untie him.  
 AND HE carried them over.  
 TO A closet door.  
 AND GOT a table.  
 AND PUT the suspenders.  
 OVER THE door.  
 AND STEPPED off the table.  
 AND MISSED.  
 WITH ONE leg.  
 AND THE other went in.  
 AND HE doubled up.  
 LIKE A pair of scissors.  
 AND THE suspenders held.  
 AND HE couldn't get out.  
 AND THE rest of the fellows.  
 CAME DOWN to the lobby.  
 AND LEFT him there.  
 THAT'S WHAT they told me.  
 WHEN I got there.  
 AND ASKED me to print it.  
 AND I said I would.  
 BUT IT isn't true.  
 BECAUSE RIGHT after that.  
 MILT ESBERG came in.  
 FROM THE street.  
 WITH HIS arms untied.  
 AND ALL his clothes on.



DOWN IN the valley.  
 WHERE THE.  
 MUIR WOODS lie.  
 WE WANDERED yesterday.  
 THE THREE of us.  
 A BOY.  
 A GIRL.  
 AND I.  
 AND STARTED off.  
 THE THREE of us.  
 WITH LAUGH.  
 AND JEST.  
 AND REACHED the point.  
 WHERE TOWERING trees.  
 FOR CENTURIES.  
 HAVE MADE their fight.  
 WITH OTHER trees.  
 TO KEEP the branch.  
 THAT MARKS the top.  
 WITHIN THE sun.  
 AND STOOD.  
 AND SOMETHING came.  
 I KNOW not what.  
 AND SILENCE fell.  
 UPON OUR tongues.  
 AND QUIET came.  
 SO THAT the leaves.  
 THAT FORMED the dome.  
 WHEREIN WE stood.  
 SEEMED PAINTED leaves.  
 AND WE went on.  
 AND WHEN it came.  
 THAT WE must speak.  
 WE WHISPERED.  
 WHAT WE had to say.  
 AND HAD no thought.  
 THAT IT was strange.  
 UNTIL THE boy.  
 CAME CLOSE to me.  
 AND WHISPERED still.  
 AND SAID:

"YOU KNOW.  
 "IT'S FUNNY, Uncle Ken.  
 "BUT I just feel.  
 "THAT IF I yelled.  
 "I'D RUIN the woods."  
 AND SO I felt.  
 AND WANDERED on.  
 AND FOUND a brook.  
 THAT RAN its way.  
 O'ER BROKEN bed.  
 OF NAKED roots.  
 AND WELL-WORN stones.  
 AND WHISPERED, too.  
 AND TOLD its tale.  
 OF COUNTLESS years.  
 OF JOURNEYINGS.  
 UNTO THE sea.  
 AND REACHED the point.  
 WHERE WE must turn.  
 AND WHISPERED back.  
 AND TO the inn.  
 AND SAT us down.  
 AND WAITRESS came.  
 WITH SOFT-SOLED shoes.  
 AND WHISPERING still.  
 WE TOLD our wants.  
 AND THEN.  
 THE PROFANE engine came.  
 WITH ITS small cars.  
 AND CREAKING brakes.  
 AND SPOILED it all.  
 BUT THAT which lives.  
 IN MEMORY.



I THANK you.

**S**UPPOSE.  
 YOU HAD a roll top desk.  
 ALL LITTERED up.  
 WITH MAIL.  
 AND SMELLY pipes.  
 AND THINGS.  
 AND YOU got up.  
 AND LEFT it.  
 FOR A little while.  
 AND THEN came back.  
 AND FOUND thereon.  
 A BABY girl.  
 WITH PAPERS.  
 FOR A pillow.  
 AND BUNDLED up.  
 IN FLANNELS.  
 CLEAN AND white.  
 AND PINNED thereon.  
 A LITTLE note.  
 THAT SAID:  
 "WE'VE LEFT you this.  
 "BECAUSE WE'VE read.  
 "BETWEEN THE lines.  
 "OF THINGS you write.  
 "THAT YOU regret.  
 "YOU HAVEN'T any.  
 "OF YOUR own."  
 I'LL BET right now.  
 IF YOU came back.  
 AND FOUND this mite.  
 OF WOMANHOOD.  
 UPON YOUR desk.  
 YOU'D FIRST grow cold.  
 AND THEN grow hot.  
 JUST LIKE I did.  
 AND RUN around.  
 AND THEN run back.  
 AND THEN run out again.  
 AND THEN be followed in.  
 BY EVERBODY.  
 ON YOUR floor.

AND THEN sit down.  
 AND TAKE it up.  
 AND HOLD it tight.  
 AND YELL.  
 FOR ALL the folks to look.  
 BECAUSE IT smiled.  
 AND THEN.  
 SUPPOSE.  
 WHILE YOU sat there.  
 AND WONDERED.  
 WHAT THE mischief.  
 YOU WOULD do.  
 A GIRL.  
 WHO ONE time worked with you  
 IN OTHER town.  
 AND THEN one day.  
 GOT UP and quit.  
 AND WENT away.  
 AND MARRIED.  
 SOME GOOD man.  
 SHOULD POKE.  
 HER SAUCY face.  
 WITHIN YOUR door.  
 AND LAUGH.  
 AND ASK you.  
 HOW YOU liked her kid.  
 YOU'D GET right up.  
 JUST LIKE I did.  
 AND HAND it back.  
 AND LAUGH.  
 AND TALK.  
 AND THEN feel lonely.  
 WHEN SHE went away.  
 JUST LIKE I did.



EVER SINCE Sunday.  
 I'VE BEEN worrying.  
 ABOUT A small boy.  
 WHO WAS riding a bicycle.  
 AND RAN into a man.  
 ON MARKET street.  
 NEAR "THE Examiner" office.  
 HE WAS a nice boy.  
 AND I want him to know.  
 THAT IT wasn't his fault.  
 NOT ALL of it.  
 THAT THE man.  
 IS A sort of a nut.  
 AND GETS excited.  
 WHEN A gun.  
 OR A submarine.  
 OR A Ford.  
 STARTS HIS way.  
 AND IF the small boy.  
 READS THIS.  
 HE'LL REMEMBER.  
 THAT THE man saw him.  
 AND HE saw the man.  
 AT THE same moment.  
 AND I can remember.  
 WHEN I was a boy.  
 AND BOUGHT a bicycle.  
 AND WAS learning to ride.  
 THAT EVERY time.  
 I LOOKED right at a man.  
 I HIT him.  
 I COULDN'T help it.  
 I'D CHASE him.  
 TO THE sidewalk.  
 OR ANYWHERE.  
 I'D HIT anything.  
 I LOOKED at.  
 AND I want the boy.  
 WHO HIT the man.  
 ON SUNDAY.  
 TO KNOW.

THAT THE man knows.  
 HE COULDN'T help it.  
 AND I want him to forgive him.  
 FOR WHAT he said.  
 HE SHOULDN'T have said it.  
 IT WAS Sunday.  
 AND THE chimes were chiming.  
 AND EVERYTHING.  
 WAS PEACEFUL.  
 AND BESIDES.  
 HE COULD have turned.  
 AND RAN.  
 INSTEAD OF dodging.  
 HE RAN a whole block  
 ONE TIME.  
 IN A flock of jitneys.  
 AND BEAT them.  
 AND HE should have been able.  
 TO OUTRUN.  
 A SMALL boy.  
 ON A bicycle.  
 AND I just want to say.  
 THAT WITH all the kids.  
 GOING TO the Fair.  
 NEXT FRIDAY.  
 I'VE BEEN worried.  
 ABOUT WHAT I said.  
 WHEN HE hit me.  
 I SHOULDN'T have said it.  
 BUT IT was the only thing.  
 THAT I could think of.  
 AT THE time.



SOMEBODY SAID.  
 THERE WAS a reception.  
 TO MR. Bryan.  
 AT THE California Building.  
 AND I went over.  
 TO SEE.  
 IF HE'D found the bean.  
 AND THERE was a big crowd.  
 FROM PETALUMA.  
 AND EVERYWHERE.  
 AND AFTER a while.  
 MR. BRYAN came in.  
 AND STOOD around.  
 WHILE A stranger.  
 SCURRIED AROUND.  
 FOR THE committee.  
 AND HE found him.  
 AND BROUGHT him over.  
 AND THE committee announced.  
 THAT ANYBODY.  
 WHO WANTED to shake hands.  
 WITH MR. Bryan.  
 COULD DO it.  
 IF THEY'D wash their hands.  
 AND JUST then.  
 ANOTHER MAN.  
 WITH A bigger voice.  
 GOT UP and said.  
 THAT THE grand march.  
 WAS ABOUT to begin.  
 AND THREE couples.  
 GOT UP.  
 AND THE man said.  
 THAT THEY'D march.  
 THROUGH THE exhibit room.  
 AND EVERYBODY.  
 IN THE parade.  
 WOULD GET a souvenir.  
 AND RIGHT away.  
 THERE WAS a rush.  
 AND EVERYBODY.

GOT UP.  
 AND JOINED.  
 AND MR. Bryan.  
 WAS LEFT all alone.  
 IN THE big room.  
 AND THE music started.  
 AND WE started.  
 AND TRIED to look.  
 LIKE WE had sense.  
 AND SOME of us did.  
 OR HAD.  
 WHICHEVER IT is.  
 AND WE went out.  
 TO THE exhibit room.  
 ALL IN a line.  
 AND A pretty girl.  
 GAVE EVERYBODY.  
 A PRUNE.  
 AND WE all came back.  
 TO THE reception room.  
 AND STOOD around.  
 AND SHOOK hands.  
 WITH MR. Bryan.  
 AND IN a little while.  
 HIS RIGHT hand.  
 WAS SO sticky.  
 AND GOOED up.  
 WITH PRUNES.  
 THAT THEY had to get a referee.  
 TO MAKE 'em break.  
 IN THE clinches..



I THANK you.

ON FRIDAY.  
 WHEN THE sun was low.  
 AND TIRED feet.  
 DRAGGED WEARY way.  
 AND CRAWLING trains.  
 TOOK LUCKY ones.  
 STOOD.  
 AND WORSHIPED.  
 AT THE shrine.  
 OF HIM.  
 WHOSE MIND conceived.  
 THE GLORIES.  
 OF THE deep lagoon.  
 AND PILLARS tall.  
 AND WINDING ways.  
 OUTSIDE THE place.  
 WHERE ARTISTS come.  
 THAT WE might see.  
 THEIR HANDIWORK.  
 AND AS I stood.  
 THERE WANDERED down.  
 WITH FALTERING step.  
 A MAN.  
 WITH WINTER snows.  
 UPON HIS head.  
 AND IN his hand.  
 ANOTHER HAND.  
 OF ONE.  
 WHOM I have guessed.  
 HAS BEEN his mate.  
 THROUGH ALL the years.  
 THEY BOTH had come.  
 AND AS I watched.  
 THEY STOPPED.  
 AND GAZED.  
 IT SEEMED to me.  
 UPON A form.  
 HEWED OUT of stone.  
 AND WORDS she spoke.  
 I COULDN'T hear.  
 BUT I did see.

THE HAND she held.  
 RELEASE ITSELF.  
 AND THEN reach out.  
 AND FIND its way.  
 O'ER EVERY curve.  
 OF LIMBS.  
 AND TRUNK.  
 AND FIND the eyes.  
 AND EARS.  
 AND MOUTH.  
 AND AS it was.  
 I HAD approached.  
 QUITE NEAR to them.  
 I HEARD him say.  
 'TWAS WONDERFUL.  
 AND THEY went on.  
 AND I went on.  
 TO OTHER things.  
 IN BRONZE.  
 AND STONE.  
 AND COME to each.  
 THE COUPLE stopped.  
 AND HAND went out.  
 AS IT had done.  
 WHEN FIRST I looked.  
 AND THEN I left.  
 AND AS I did.  
 I LOOKED into.  
 THE SIGHTLESS eyes.  
 OF HIM who felt.  
 AND WONDERED.  
 HOW MUCH more he'd seen.  
 THAN HURRYING throng.  
 THAT NEVER stopped.



I THANK you.

BUT ANYWAY.  
 HE'S A nice man.  
 AND HAS whiskers.  
 AND AN automobile.  
 AND A bank.  
 AND CREDIT at the grocery.  
 AND EVERYTHING.  
 AND THE other day.  
 HE TOOK me to lunch.  
 AT THE Pacific Union Club.  
 AND IT'S a quiet place.  
 LIKE THE Muir Woods.  
 EXCEPT FOR Charley Alexander.  
 AND FRANK Michael.  
 AND THERE were a dozen.  
 IN THE party.  
 AND WE all started to whisper.  
 AT THE same time.  
 IN THE lobby.  
 AND SOMEBODY said.  
 WE'D HAVE to be quiet.  
 OR EAT our lunch.  
 IN A private room.  
 AND WE chose the latter.  
 AND DID.  
 AND IT was all right.  
 EXCEPT THE salad.  
 THERE WAS something in it.  
 AND ANYWAY.  
 AFTER LUNCH.  
 SAM MORSE.  
 WHO USED to be captain.  
 ON THE Yale gridiron.  
 SAID TO me:  
 "I'LL TAKE you downstairs."  
 "AND SHOW you the tank."  
 AND I said.  
 I THOUGHT I'd seen him.  
 IN THE card room.  
 AND HE said: "No.  
 "I MEAN the swimming tank."

AND I said: "O."  
 OR "OH!"  
 WHICHEVER IT is.  
 AND WE went down.  
 AND IT was quiet.  
 LIKE A catacomb.  
 AND I asked Sam.  
 IF THE water was cold.  
 AND HE said:  
 "WE DON'T know.  
 "NOBODY.  
 "HAS EVER been in it."  
 AND AFTER that.  
 WE WENT upstairs.  
 AND SAM motioned.  
 TO BE quiet.  
 AND WE tiptoed.  
 INTO THE library.  
 AND I whispered:  
 "DON'T ANY of the membe  
 "EVER COME here?"  
 AND SAM answered.  
 AND SAID:  
 "ONCE THERE was a man.  
 "WHO USED to come here  
 "BUT HE had trouble.  
 "WITH HIS heart.  
 "AND HE was afraid.  
 "HE'D DIE.  
 "AND THEY'D never find h  
 "AND HE quit."  
 AND JUST then.  
 SOMEBODY SNEEZED.  
 IN THE card room.  
 AND WE left.  
 UNDER COVER.  
 OF THE excitement.



I THANK you.

WANTED to go somewhere.  
 FOR SUNDAY.  
 AND I asked Charlie Coleman.  
 THE CITY editor.  
 AND HE said:  
 IT'S A nice trip.  
 TO PETALUMA.  
 ON THE Gold."  
 AND I went down.  
 TO THE wharf.  
 AND GOT aboard.  
 AND SAT down.  
 NEAR A mother.  
 AND TWO children.  
 AND ONE was new.  
 AND SQUIRMED.  
 IN A blanket.  
 AND CRIED.  
 AND THE other.  
 WAS ALL stuck up.  
 WITH CANDY.  
 AND KEPT pestering.  
 ITS MOTHER.  
 WHO WAS tired.  
 AND DROOPY.  
 AND THE sticky one.  
 SAW ME.  
 AND CAME over.  
 AND TOOK a stick of candy.  
 FROM A bag.  
 AND TRIED.  
 TO GIVE it to me.  
 AND I pretended.  
 I DIDN'T see her.  
 AND HER little chin.  
 BEGAN TO quiver.  
 AND HER big.  
 ITALIAN EYES.  
 BEGAN TO blink.  
 AND I couldn't stand it.  
 AND SMILED.

AND TOOK the candy.  
 AND THEN she put.  
 A STICKY hand.  
 ON MY pants.  
 AND CLIMBED up.  
 ONTO MY knee.  
 AND THE mother smiled.  
 A TIRED smile.  
 AND THERE we were.  
 THE BOTH of us.  
 WITH A kid apiece.  
 AND THE mother.  
 COULDN'T TALK English.  
 AND I.  
 COULDN'T TALK Italian.  
 AND MOTHER'S kid.  
 WENT TO sleep.  
 AND AFTER awhile.  
 MINE DID.  
 AND I got cramps.  
 TRYING TO keep it.  
 FROM WAKING up.  
 SO IT wouldn't feed me.  
 MORE CANDY.  
 AND WHEN I got off.  
 A DECKHAND told me.  
 THAT MY wife.  
 HAD LEFT a baby bottle.  
 ON A chair.  
 AND I got it.  
 AND GAVE it back.  
 TO HER other husband.  
 WHO MET her.  
 IT'S A rotten trip.  
 TO PETALUMA.  
 ON A boat.



I THANK you.

**Y**ESTERDAY.  
**Y**OUT AT the Fair.  
**I SAW.**  
**A LITTLE** woman.  
**BENT WITH** age.  
**AND ON** her head.  
**THERE SEEMED** the snows.  
**OF COUNTLESS** seasons lived.  
**AND WATCHED** her bargain.  
**WITH A man.**  
**WHO ROLLS** a chair.  
**ABOUT THE** grounds.  
**AND THEN** get in.  
**AND WATCHED** the man.  
**BEND DOWN.**  
**AND WITH** a care.  
**THAT MOTHERS** spend.  
**ON BABES.**  
**OR NURSE** on invalid.  
**I SAW** him.  
**TUCK THE** robe.  
**ABOUT HIS** charge.  
**AND SMILE.**  
**AND SAW** her smile.  
**AND FOLLOWED** them.  
**AND REACHED** their side.  
**IN PASSING** throng.  
**AND LINGERED** there.  
**UNKNOWN TO** them.  
**AND WANDERED** down.  
**BENEATH THE** palms.  
**AND PLAYED** the spy.  
**AND LISTENED.**  
**TO THE** things they said.  
**AND THERE** was joy.  
**IN BOTH** of them.  
**IN HIM** the joy.  
**OF GIVING** joy.  
**IN HER.**  
**THE HAPPINESS.**  
**THAT COMES.**

WHEN YOUTH forgets.  
**THAT ALL** is youth.  
**OR FINDS.**  
**THERE STILL** is youth.  
**IN AGE.**  
**I HEARD** her.  
**VOICE A** fear.  
**THAT HE** was tired.  
**AND HEARD** him laugh.  
**AND HEARD** her laugh.  
**WHEN HE** declared.  
**THAT HE** could wheel.  
**A LITTLE** mite.  
**LIKE HER.**  
**THE WHOLE** day through.  
**AND RESTED** be.  
**AT END** of day.  
**AND SO** it seemed.  
**THAT SHE.**  
**WAS PLAYING** sweetheart.  
**AND HE.**  
**A GALLANT** gentleman.  
**THE WHICH** he was.  
**AND WHEN** I left.  
**I LEFT** them.  
**LAUGHING AT** a man.  
**WHO'D LOST** his hat.  
**IN GENTLE** zephyr.  
**FROM THE** sea.  
**AND ON** the car.  
**THAT TOOK** me home.  
**I WATCHED** for opportunity  
**TO GIVE** my seat.  
**TO SOMEONE.**  
**LIKE THE** woman.  
**IN THE** chair.



I THANK you.

HEARD it first.  
 OUTSIDE THE kitchen door.  
 HERE MAZE of stairways.  
 EADS BELOW.  
 ND OPENED up.  
 ND FOUND.  
 LITTLE ball of fur.  
 HAT CRIED.  
 ND LOOKED at me.  
 ITH EYES.  
 HAT BEGGED.  
 OR WHAT?  
 DIDN'T know.  
 ND TOOK it in.  
 ND WARMED some milk.  
 N WHICH.  
 T MADE its way.  
 VITH BOTH front feet.  
 ND THEN.  
 WHEN IT had swelled.  
 O THAT I feared.  
 ' WOULD burst.  
 PUT it out again.  
 ND HOPED.  
 HAT IT would find its home.  
 /HERE'ER IT was.  
 ND CLOSED the door.  
 ND CLIMBED back into bed.  
 ND LAY awake.  
 ND HEARD it cry.  
 ND THEN got up again.  
 ND MADE my way.  
 O KITCHEN door.  
 ND TOLD it plainly.  
 N MY lease.  
 WAS CLAUSE.  
 HAT SAID.  
 COULDN'T keep a cat.  
 ND TOOK it down.  
 TWO FLIGHTS of stairs.  
 ND LEFT it there.

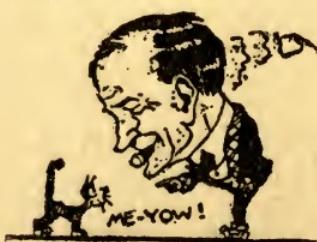
AND SAID.  
 IF IT must cry.  
 THAT IT could cry.  
 FOR SOMEONE else.  
 AND WENT upstairs again.  
 AND BACK to bed.  
 AND OFF to sleep.  
 AND WOKE.  
 AND HEARD again.  
 THAT PESKY thing.  
 OUTSIDE MY door.  
 GOT UP again.  
 AND LET it in.  
 AND MADE a bed.  
 AND SCOLDED it.  
 AND SAID.  
 THAT IN the morning.  
 IT MUST go.  
 AND THEN.  
 WENT BACK to bed again.  
 AND IN the morning.  
 WOKE.  
 AND FOUND.  
 THAT IN the night.  
 THE BLAMED fool thing.  
 HAD LEFT its bed.  
 AND THERE it was.  
 ALL SNUGGLED up.  
 WITH ME.  
 AND I got up.  
 AND TOOK my pen.  
 AND SCRATCHED.  
 FROM OUT.  
 MY COPY of the lease.  
 THE CLAUSE.  
 THAT SAID.  
 I COULDN'T keep a cat.



I THANK you.

WHEN NOBODY called.  
 FOR THE little cat.  
 WE HELD a council.  
 TO NAME it.  
 AND A small boy.  
 WHO IS our nephew.  
 PIPED UP.  
 AND SAID:  
 "LET'S CALL it Lucy.  
 "AFTER AUNT Lucy.  
 "SHE'S ALWAYS crying around.  
 "ABOUT SOMETHING."  
 AND WE did.  
 AND AFTER dinner.  
 WE WERE sitting around.  
 TRYING TO think of something.  
 TO KEEP it quiet.  
 AND COULDN'T think.  
 OF ANYTHING but death.  
 AND SOMEBODY knocked.  
 ON THE door.  
 AND IT was A. C. Haskin.  
 WHO LIVES upstairs.  
 ON THE next floor.  
 AND HE said:  
 "I'VE JUST read.  
 "MY MORNING paper.  
 "AND YOU'VE got my cat."  
 AND I told him:  
 "I'M SORRY.  
 "BUT WE'VE harbored it.  
 "FOR A day.  
 "AND FED it.  
 "AND IT'S slept here.  
 "AND EVERYTHING.  
 "AND WE'VE named it Lucy.  
 "AND WE'VE got to keep it."  
 AND HE laughed.  
 AND TOOK me by the hand.  
 AND LED me out.  
 INTO THE hall.

AND SAID:  
 "IF YOU'RE going to cry.  
 "YOU CAN keep it.  
 "BUT I want to tell you.  
 "IF YOU name it Lucy.  
 "IT'LL BE mad.  
 "WHEN IT grows up."  
 AND I thanked him.  
 AND WENT back.  
 AND SAID:  
 "AUNT LUCY'S rich.  
 "AND SHE'S old.  
 "AND MAYBE.  
 "SHE WOULDN'T like it.  
 "IF SHE knew.  
 "THAT WE'D tacked her name  
 "TO A cat."  
 AND THEN I got an idea.  
 AND SAID:  
 "LET'S CALL it Ben Hur."  
 AND NOBODY liked it.  
 AND I said:  
 "IT'S A good name.  
 "AND IT fits.  
 "AND ANYWAY.  
 "IT'S BEEN her.  
 "FOR A day.  
 "AND IT can stand it.  
 "FOR LIFE."  
 AND I'M the boss.  
 IN MY own house.  
 AND THEY didn't know.  
 WHAT I was talking about.  
 AND I had my way.  
 AND IT'S Ben Hur.



I THANK you.

A LONG time ago.  
 WHEN JIMMY Archibald.  
 IADN'T SO many initials.  
 ND MORE hair.  
 ND WE weren't married.  
 OR ANYTHING.  
 VE SLEPT one night.  
 BEHIND A stump.  
 N AN Indian fight.  
 AND JIMMY hadn't any sense.  
 AND SLEPT well.  
 AND LIKED it.  
 AND EVER since then.  
 HE'S BEEN a war correspondent.  
 AND I didn't like it.  
 AND DIDN'T sleep well.  
 AND EVER since then.  
 I'VE BEEN neutral.  
 AND WEDNESDAY night.  
 I WENT to the theatre.  
 TO HEAR Jimmy talk.  
 ABOUT THE war.  
 AND HE had a lot of pictures.  
 OF THE German Emperor.  
 AND GERMAN soldiers.  
 AND GERMAN trenches.  
 AND GERMAN everything.  
 AND ALL around me.  
 THERE WERE Germans.  
 AND THEY clapped their hands.  
 AND CHEERED.  
 AND I'M a Canadian.  
 AND I'M neutral.  
 AND I wanted a picture.  
 OF KING George.  
 AND HE hadn't any.  
 AND IT made me mad.  
 TILL I looked around.  
 AND RESTED my gaze.  
 ON A motherly face.  
 THAT SMILED through tears.

AS THE picture showed.  
 A CHEERING mob.  
 AND A last farewell.  
 TO A German regiment.  
 BOUND FOR war.  
 AND MAYBE it was.  
 I SAID to myself.  
 THAT SHE was bred.  
 FROM THE blood.  
 THAT FLOWS.  
 THROUGH THE veins of these.  
 AND IF she was.  
 THEN WHAT would you have.  
 IN HER heart.  
 BUT TEARS?  
 AND WHAT on her face.  
 BUT A smile.  
 OF FAREWELL?  
 IF I could see.  
 ON A picture screen.  
 JUST A glimpse.  
 OF THE boys.  
 FROM MY old home town.  
 AS THEY march away.  
 TO A grave, maybe.  
 I MIGHT not have.  
 COURAGE ENOUGH to smile.  
 BUT THE tears would come.  
 THOUGH I be a man.  
 AND SO.  
 I SAY.  
 WHAT MATTERS it then?  
 AND WHY should I quarrel.  
 WITH MY German friend?



I THANK you.

WILL SOMEBODY.  
PLEASE TELL me.

WHY A perfectly good woman.  
WHO IS sanitary.  
AND EVERYTHING.  
AND WHO has a cat.  
AND A dog.  
AND WHO would never think.  
OF TRYING to make them.  
EAT SOMETHING.  
THEY DIDN'T like.  
WILL SOMEBODY.  
PLEASE TELL me.  
WHY THIS woman.  
WILL TAKE.  
PERFECTLY GOOD tomatoes.  
AND PERFECTLY good lettuce.  
AND MESS them all over.  
WITH A lot of stuff.  
THAT ALMOST chokes.  
A NORMAL man.  
WHEN HE tries to eat it.  
AND THEN look at you.  
AND SAY:  
"WHY SURELY.  
"YOU'RE NOT going to waste.  
"THAT DELICIOUS salad?"  
AND THEN.  
WILL SOMEBODY tell me.  
WHY THE man.  
THE POOR fish.  
WILL LOOK up.  
AND TRY to smile.  
AND SAY:  
"I CERTAINLY am not."  
AND THEN.  
LOOK ACROSS at his wife.  
AND SAY:  
"MY DEAR.  
"YOU MUST get.  
"MRS. WHATSERNAME.

"TO GIVE you the receipt.  
"FOR THIS dressing.  
"IT'S CERTAINLY delicious."  
AND THEN eat it.  
AND GAG.  
AND GO home.  
AND SAY to his wife:  
"OF ALL the rotten stuff.  
"I EVER ate.  
"IT WAS that salad.  
"OF MRS. Whatsername."  
AND THEN go to bed.  
AND LIE awake.  
AND DREAM.  
OF THE long ago.  
WHEN HIS mother.  
WOULD SET before him.  
A SLICED tomato.  
AND SOME lettuce.  
WITH PEPPER and salt.  
AND SUGAR.  
AND VINEGAR.  
AND THANK God.  
THAT HE'D lived in an age.  
WHEN THEY fed him things.  
THAT HE liked.  
AND THE next night.  
GO OUT again.  
AND EAT some more.  
OF THE rotten stuff.  
AND LIE.  
AND SAY he liked it.  
WHY DO they do it?  
I ASK you.



I THANK you.

AND I telephoned.  
 ACROSS THE bay.  
 O PETER KYNE.  
 WHO IS a real author.  
 ND SAID:  
 I'VE GOT the second act.  
 OF OUR play.  
 ALL TYPEWRITTEN.  
 COME ON over."  
 ND HE came.  
 ND WE went to work.  
 N THE third act.  
 ND CHOLLY Francisco.  
 AME DOWN to work.  
 ND HE has hay fever.  
 ND BREATHES.  
 ND WE couldn't stand it.  
 AND PETER said:  
 LET'S GO to lunch.  
 AND TALK it over."  
 AND WE went to Tait's.  
 WHERE EVERYTHING'S quiet.  
 EXCEPT FOR the noise.  
 AND SAT down.  
 AND I waited for Peter.  
 TO ASK me.  
 WHAT I was going to eat.  
 AND HE didn't.  
 AND AFTER a while.  
 I ASKED him.  
 AND WAS stuck for the lunch.  
 AND WE ordered.  
 AND PETER said:  
 'AND NOW to work.  
 'WHAT'LL WE do.  
 'WITH THE girl?"  
 AND I said:  
 'WE'VE GOT to kill her.  
 'OR MAKE her take poison.  
 'OR SOMETHING."  
 AND WE argued.

AND AFTER a while.  
 I CONVINCED Peter.  
 THAT I was right.  
 AND HE agreed.  
 THAT WE ought to kill her.  
 AND WANTED to know.  
 HOW WE'D do it.  
 AND I suggested.  
 THAT IT be done.  
 BEHIND THE draperies.  
 IN THE drawing room.  
 AND PETER agreed.  
 AND SAID:  
 "AND WHAT'LL happen.  
 "AFTER THE murder?"  
 AND JUST then.  
 A MAN got up.  
 FROM THE next table.  
 AND HE was pale.  
 AND I thought he was sick.  
 AND IN a little while.  
 HE CAME back.  
 WITH JOHN TAIT.  
 AND POINTED to us.  
 AND WHISPERED.  
 AND JOHN laughed.  
 AND SAID:  
 "DON'T MIND them.  
 "THEY'RE A couple of nuts.  
 "THAT WRITE."



I THANK you.

THERE WAS a knock.  
 ON THE door.  
 AND IT opened.  
 AND A man came in.  
 AND SAT down.  
 AND SMILED.  
 LIKE AN idiot.  
 AND SAID:  
 "YOU DON'T know me?"  
 AND I lied.  
 AND SAID to him:  
 "I THINK I do.  
 "BUT I haven't any memory.  
 "FOR NAMES."  
 AND HE smiled again.  
 LIKE ANOTHER idiot.  
 AND SAID:  
 "CAN'T YOU guess?"  
 AND I said: "I might.  
 "BUT THERE'S a hundred.  
 "MILLION PEOPLE.  
 "IN THE United States.  
 "AND I don't know how long.  
 "I'LL BE in San Francisco.  
 "AND ANYWAY.  
 "I HAVE to work.  
 "AND I'M married.  
 "AND GO home nights.  
 "AND IF I keep on guessing.  
 "WHEN I get home.  
 "I'LL HAVE trouble."  
 AND HE kept on smiling.  
 AND SAID:  
 "AND YOU'VE no idea.  
 "WHO I am?"  
 AND I said to him:  
 "LISTEN, FELLOW.  
 "DID YOU come up here.  
 "TO SEE me.  
 "OR TO find out.  
 "WHO YOU are?"

AND THEN he told me.  
 HE WAS Bill Ramsay.  
 FROM ORILLIA, Ont.  
 AND I hadn't seen him.  
 FOR THIRTY years.  
 AND THE freckles were gone.  
 AND HIS face was clean.  
 AND HE wasn't sunburned.  
 AND THE butternut stain.  
 WAS GONE from his hands.  
 AND HIS feet weren't bare.  
 AS THEY used to be.  
 AND I felt in his pockets.  
 AND LAUGHED when I found  
 THEY WERE empty of cookie  
 THAT WE used to eat.  
 WHEN WE sat in school.  
 AND WHAT there was left.  
 OF HIS bushy black hair.  
 WAS TINGED with gray.  
 AND WE fanned.  
 AND WE laughed.  
 AND RECALLED the time.  
 THAT WE pushed.  
 SCHADDING'S COW.  
 DOWN THE bank.  
 TO THE lake.  
 AND THE fight we had.  
 IN THE old church shed.  
 AND HE'S waiting now.  
 WHILE I finish my work.  
 HE SAYS that he licked me.  
 AND HE never did.  
 AND ANY way.  
 HE WAS bigger than me.



I THANK you.

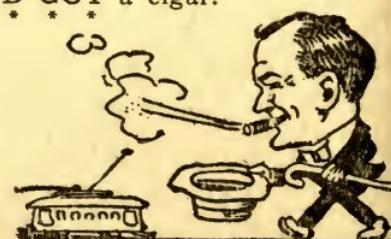
ON SUNDAY.  
 EARLY IN the day.  
 I WALKED downtown.  
 AND MET a man.  
 IN OVERALLS.  
 WITH SOIL of labor.  
 ON HIS face.  
 AND HANDS begrimed.  
 AND CARRYING.  
 A LITTLE box.  
 IN WHICH.  
 HAD BEEN.  
 HIS MIDNIGHT lunch.  
 AND WHEN I spoke.  
 AND WISHED for him.  
 A GOODLY day.  
 HE WISHED it back.  
 AND GOT in step.  
 AND WE walked on.  
 AND AS we talked.  
 HE TOLD me.  
 OF HIS family.  
 OF THREE.  
 TWO GIRLS.  
 AND YET a boy.  
 AND WHAT a boy!  
 HE LED his class.  
 IN STUDIES.  
 I'VE FORGOTTEN now.  
 JUST WHAT they were.  
 AND DID the chores.  
 ABOUT THE house.  
 AND THERE was pride.  
 IN THIS man's step.  
 AND JOY of living.  
 IN HIS tones.  
 AND THEN he told me.  
 OF HIS home.  
 WHERE GREW.  
 A BLADE of grass.  
 OR TWO.

AND FLOWER beds.  
 HE WORKED at night.  
 IN SOME garage.  
 AND WHAT of grime.  
 WAS ON his hands.  
 CAME FROM the cars.  
 HE CLEANED.  
 AND THEN he left.  
 AND I walked on.  
 AND IN a block.  
 A FRIEND of mine.  
 CAME FROM a club.  
 INTO HIS car.  
 AND ASKED me in.  
 AND DROVE me down.  
 AND ON the way.  
 HE FILLED my ears.  
 WITH TALES of woe.  
 AND MOANED.  
 AND GROANED.  
 UNTIL I felt.  
 THAT I had made.  
 A BIG mistake.  
 IN COMING here.  
 THEN I got out.  
 AND CAME upstairs.  
 AND WONDERED.  
 COULD IT be.  
 THAT HE who walked.  
 AND TALKED with me.  
 COULD BE the man.  
 WHO CLEANED the car.  
 OF MY down-hearted friend.



I HEARD a horn.  
 AND I looked up.  
 AND IT was W. H. Hartung.  
 TREASURER OF the Orpheum  
 IN HIS Ford.  
 AND I looked around.  
 AND COULDN'T see anybody.  
 I KNEW.  
 AND GOT in.  
 AND HE said:  
 "WHERRA YOU going?"  
 AND I said:  
 "TO THE office.  
 "BUT DON'T take me.  
 "THE FRONT way."  
 AND HE said:  
 "HOW'LL WE go?"  
 AND I said:  
 "THROUGH THE alleys."  
 AND JUST then.  
 ANOTHER HORN blew.  
 AND I looked around.  
 AND IT was Carl Reiter.  
 MANAGER OF the Orpheum.  
 IN HIS Studebaker.  
 AND I waved to him.  
 AND HE stopped.  
 AND I said to Hartung:  
 "IF YOU don't mind.  
 "I'LL GO with Carl."  
 AND HE assured me.  
 THAT HE didn't mind.  
 AND SUGGESTED.  
 ANOTHER PLACE.  
 I MIGHT go to.  
 IF I liked.  
 AND I got out.  
 OF THE Ford.  
 AND PUT all my weight.  
 ON THE step.  
 AND ALMOST.

TURNED IT over.  
 AND WAS getting in.  
 TO THE Studebaker.  
 WHEN NOBODY.  
 BUT JOHN CONSIDINE.  
 WHO OWNS the Orpheum.  
 CAME ALONG.  
 ALL ALONE.  
 IN THE back seat.  
 OF A big Pierce-Arrow.  
 AND I waved my cane.  
 AND JOHN stopped.  
 AND I said to Carl:  
 "IF YOU don't mind.  
 "I'LL GO with John."  
 AND CARL got mad.  
 AND SAID:  
 "— — — — —"  
 AND I got in.  
 WITH JOHN.  
 AND SAID:  
 "HOW IS it, John.  
 "WHEN HARTUNG.  
 "GETS THE money first.  
 "AND REITER.  
 "GETS IT second.  
 "AND YOU.  
 "GET IT last.  
 "THAT THERE was enough.  
 "WHEN IT got to you.  
 "FOR A Pierce-Arrow?"  
 AND HE said:  
 "YOU CAN search me."  
 AND I did.  
 AND GOT a cigar.



I THANK you.

ON YESTERDAY.  
 I WENT into a barber shop.  
 AND IN the chair.  
 JUST NEXT to me.  
 NO MORE at ease.  
 THAN I.  
 IN CHAIR I occupied.  
 WAS THOMAS Fortune Ryan.  
 A MAN.  
 I'M TOLD.  
 WHO COUNTS his millions.  
 AS I count my dimes.  
 HIS HAIR was long.  
 AND SO was mine.  
 AND SHEARS.  
 MY BARBER cut mine with.  
 WERE SHARP as those.  
 THAT CUT his hair.  
 AND WE were shaved.  
 THE BOTH of us.  
 AND I am sure.  
 THE SHAVE I got.  
 WAS JUST as good.  
 AS SHAVE he got.  
 AND WHEN the porter.  
 SHINED OUR shoes.  
 THERE WAS of gloss.  
 AS MUCH on mine.  
 AS PORTER.  
 PUT ON his.  
 AND AT the counter.  
 WHERE WE paid our checks.  
 HIS BILL.  
 WAS JUST the same.  
 AS MINE.  
 AND DOLLAR.  
 THAT I paid mine with.  
 WAS JUST as big.  
 AND ROUND.  
 AS HIS.  
 AND TIP I gave.

WAS JUST the same.  
 AS TIP he gave.  
 AND LATER.  
 IT JUST happened so.  
 THAT IN the grill.  
 I ATE my lunch.  
 AT TABLE.  
 ONLY ONE removed.  
 FROM WHERE he ate.  
 AND WHAT he ate.  
 I COULDN'T see.  
 AND DIDN'T care.  
 BUT I do know.  
 HE COULDN'T eat.  
 A MORSEL more.  
 THAN WHAT I ate.  
 FOR IT was good.  
 THE DISH I had.  
 AND AFTER lunch.  
 HE WENT his way.  
 AND I went mine.  
 AND LATER on.  
 WHEN NIGHT time came.  
 I SAT down.  
 WITH MY borrowed boy.  
 AND PLAYED.  
 WHAT WE would do.  
 IF WE could have.  
 THOSE MILLIONS.  
 RYAN HAS.  
 AND HAVING them.  
 HE COULDN'T play.  
 THE GAME we played.



I THANK you.

**H**E WAS aged.  
 BUT STILL in youth.  
 AS YEARS.  
 MAKE TOLL.  
 AND BLEARY eyes.  
 TOLD TALES.  
 OF SUNDRY days.  
 AND SUNDRY nights.  
 IN PLACES.  
 WHERE THE wine.  
 FLOWS RED.  
 AND ON his head.  
 A FADED hat.  
 AND ON his back.  
 A COAT.  
 THAT MEASURED not.  
 TO WEAKENED form.  
 IT CLOTHED.  
 AND SHOES he wore.  
 THAT HAD been shoes.  
 ON OTHER feet.  
 AND NOW were straps.  
 HE FOUND me.  
 IN THE lobby.  
 AS I came upstairs.  
 AND LOOKED at me.  
 AND ASKED.  
 IF I was K. C. B.  
 I SAID I was.  
 AND THEN he said.  
 THAT HE had read.  
 THAT I had helped.  
 A LOT of folks.  
 THAT NEEDED help.  
 AND CRIED.  
 AND TOLD me.  
 OF THE sodden.  
 SADDENED PATH.  
 HIS FOOTPRINTS marked.  
 AND THEN suggested.  
 THAT I slip him.

TWO SIMOLEONS.  
 AND I rose up.  
 AND TOLD him.  
 OF THE trail.  
 THAT I had come.  
 FROM PUGET Sound.  
 OF RAILROAD fares.  
 AND BERTHS.  
 AND MEALS.  
 AND FURNITURE.  
 AND FREIGHT.  
 AND WEARY round.  
 OF HUNTING flats.  
 AND TELEPHONES.  
 AND GAS.  
 AND LIGHT.  
 AND I could see.  
 THAT HE was touched.  
 AND FELT for me.  
 AND TEARS.  
 CAME TO his eyes.  
 AS HE reached down.  
 INTO THE depths.  
 OF HIDDEN place.  
 AND PULLED therefrom.  
 A DOLLAR bill.  
 AND FORCED it.  
 UNTO ME.  
 "YOU'VE GOT me skinned."  
 "A THOUSAND ways."  
 HE SAID.  
 AND WENT away.



IF IT ever happens.  
 THAT I'M a stranger.  
 IN A strange town.  
 AND IN a barber shop.  
 AND THE barber shaves me.  
 AND BRUSHES my hair.  
 AND BOWS.  
 AND LETS me go.  
 I'M GOING to fall over.  
 ON MY face.  
 IN A faint.  
 THERE'S NO such animal.  
 AS A barber.  
 THAT JUST shaves you.  
 AND LETS you go.  
 IT CAN'T be done.  
 THEY'RE NOT barbers.  
 THEY'RE HUNTERS.  
 THEY HUNT for dandruff.  
 AND FIND it.  
 AND TELL you about it.  
 AND MAKE you feel.  
 THAT THEY feel.  
 THAT YOU'RE careless.  
 ABOUT YOUR person.  
 I KNOW.  
 FOR I'VE just come.  
 FROM A barber shop.  
 I WENT there.  
 FOR A shave.  
 IT'S ALL I wanted.  
 AND I'M a stranger.  
 AND HE knew it.  
 AND HE cut my hair.  
 AND THEN asked me.  
 IF HE'D wash it out.  
 AND I told him no.  
 TO LET it alone.  
 IT WAS coming out.  
 BY ITSELF.  
 AND THEN he said:

"IT OUGHT to be treated.  
 "IT'LL ALL come out.  
 "IF IT keeps on."  
 AND I told him.  
 I DIDN'T care.  
 IF IT kept on.  
 AND HE wanted to singe it.  
 AND SAID.  
 THAT THE pores were open.  
 AND WERE bleeding.  
 OR FIGHTING.  
 OR SOMETHING.  
 I COULDN'T hear him.  
 HE TALKED so fast.  
 AND AFTER a while.  
 HE LET me go.  
 AND A Greek.  
 CAME UP and hit me.  
 WITH A brush.  
 AND FOLLOWED me around.  
 AND PICKED little specks.  
 OFF MY coat.  
 AND STRAIGHTENED.  
 MY COLLAR.  
 AND BRUSHED me.  
 AND PICKED little specks.  
 OFF MY pants.  
 AND FOLLOWED me.  
 TO THE street.  
 AND WOULDN'T leave me.  
 TILL I gave him a dime.  
 IT MUST be.  
 THAT I looked like a hick.



I THANK you.

**H**E WAS aged.  
 BUT STILL in youth.  
 AS YEARS.  
 MAKE TOLL.  
 AND BLEARY eyes.  
 TOLD TALES.  
 OF SUNDRY days.  
 AND SUNDRY nights.  
 IN PLACES.  
 WHERE THE wine.  
 FLOWS RED.  
 AND ON his head.  
 A FADED hat.  
 AND ON his back.  
 A COAT.  
 THAT MEASURED not.  
 TO WEAKENED form.  
 IT CLOTHED.  
 AND SHOES he wore.  
 THAT HAD been shoes.  
 ON OTHER feet.  
 AND NOW were straps.  
 HE FOUND me.  
 IN THE lobby.  
 AS I came upstairs.  
 AND LOOKED at me.  
 AND ASKED.  
 IF I was K. C. B.  
 I SAID I was.  
 AND THEN he said.  
 THAT HE had read.  
 THAT I had helped.  
 A LOT of folks.  
 THAT NEEDED help.  
 AND CRIED.  
 AND TOLD me.  
 OF THE sodden.  
 SADDENED PATH.  
 HIS FOOTPRINTS marked.  
 AND THEN suggested.  
 THAT I slip him.

TWO SIMOLEONS.  
 AND I rose up.  
 AND TOLD him.  
 OF THE trail.  
 THAT I had come.  
 FROM PUGET Sound.  
 OF RAILROAD fares.  
 AND BERTHS.  
 AND MEALS.  
 AND FURNITURE.  
 AND FREIGHT.  
 AND WEARY round.  
 OF HUNTING flats.  
 AND TELEPHONES.  
 AND GAS.  
 AND LIGHT.  
 AND I could see.  
 THAT HE was touched.  
 AND FELT for me.  
 AND TEARS.  
 CAME TO his eyes.  
 AS HE reached down.  
 INTO THE depths.  
 OF HIDDEN place.  
 AND PULLED therefrom.  
 A DOLLAR bill.  
 AND FORCED it.  
 UNTO ME.  
 "YOU'VE GOT me skinned."  
 "A THOUSAND ways."  
 HE SAID.  
 AND WENT away.



I THANK you, Bo.

IF IT ever happens.  
 THAT I'M a stranger.  
 IN A strange town.  
 AND IN a barber shop.  
 AND THE barber shaves me.  
 AND BRUSHES my hair.  
 AND BOWS.  
 AND LETS me go.  
 I'M GOING to fall over.  
 ON MY face.  
 IN A faint.  
 THERE'S NO such animal.  
 AS A barber.  
 THAT JUST shaves you.  
 AND LETS you go.  
 IT CAN'T be done.  
 THEY'RE NOT barbers.  
 THEY'RE HUNTERS.  
 THEY HUNT for dandruff.  
 AND FIND it.  
 AND TELL you about it.  
 AND MAKE you feel.  
 THAT THEY feel.  
 THAT YOU'RE careless.  
 ABOUT YOUR person.  
 I KNOW.  
 FOR I'VE just come.  
 FROM A barber shop.  
 I WENT there.  
 FOR A shave.  
 IT'S ALL I wanted.  
 AND I'M a stranger.  
 AND HE knew it.  
 AND HE cut my hair.  
 AND THEN asked me.  
 IF HE'D wash it out.  
 AND I told him no.  
 TO LET it alone.  
 IT WAS coming out.  
 BY ITSELF.  
 AND THEN he said:

"IT OUGHT to be treated.  
 "IT'LL ALL come out.  
 "IF IT keeps on."  
 AND I told him.  
 I DIDN'T care.  
 IF IT kept on.  
 AND HE wanted to singe it.  
 AND SAID.  
 THAT THE pores were open.  
 AND WERE bleeding.  
 OR FIGHTING.  
 OR SOMETHING.  
 I COULDN'T hear him.  
 HE TALKED so fast.  
 AND AFTER a while.  
 HE LET me go.  
 AND A Greek.  
 CAME UP and hit me.  
 WITH A brush.  
 AND FOLLOWED me around.  
 AND PICKED little specks.  
 OFF MY coat.  
 AND STRAIGHTENED.  
 MY COLLAR.  
 AND BRUSHED me.  
 AND PICKED little specks.  
 OFF MY pants.  
 AND FOLLOWED me.  
 TO THE street.  
 AND WOULDN'T leave me.  
 TILL I gave him a dime.  
 IT MUST be.  
 THAT I looked like a hick.



I THANK you.

OVER AT the Press Club.  
 YESTERDAY NOON.  
 THEY HAD a luncheon.  
 FOR GOV. Whitman.  
 OF NEW York.  
 AND ALL the lawyers.  
 AND ALL the bankers.  
 AND THE Republicans.  
 AND POLICEMEN.  
 AND EVERYBODY.  
 WHO BELONG to the Press Club.  
 WERE THERE.  
 AND WHATEVER it was.  
 WE ATE it.  
 AND CLYDE Westover.  
 AROSE AND said:  
 "WE HAVE with us today.  
 CHARLIE FICKERT."  
 AND CHARLIE got up.  
 AND SAID.  
 HE DIDN'T know.  
 HE WAS going to talk.  
 AND COUGHED.  
 AND MOVED the water.  
 AND THE salt.  
 AND THE pepper.  
 OVER IN front.  
 OF GOV. Whitman.  
 AND COUGHED.  
 AND SAID:  
 "WE HAVE with us today.  
 "GOV. CHARLES E. Whitman."  
 AND THE Governor got up.  
 AND MOVED the water.  
 AND THE salt.  
 AND THE pepper.  
 BACK AGAIN.  
 IN FRONT of Charlie.  
 AND LOVED San Francisco.  
 AND ITS people.  
 AND THE Press Club.

AND NORMAN Mack.  
 AND CHOKED.  
 AND DRANK some water.  
 AND SAT down.  
 AND THEN Charlie Fickert.  
 AROSE AND said:  
 "WE HAVE with us today.  
 "NORMAN E. Mack."  
 AND NORMAN got up.  
 AND PUT his right hand.  
 IN HIS vest pocket.  
 AND CROSSED his fingers.  
 AND SAID:  
 "GENTLEMEN.  
 "OF THE Press Club.  
 "IT DOES you honor.  
 "TO ENTERTAIN a man.  
 "OF THE caliber.  
 "OF CHARLES E. Whitman."  
 AND CHOKED.  
 AND DRANK some water.  
 AND SAT down.  
 AND CHARLIE Fickert.  
 GOT UP again.  
 AND SAID:  
 "WE HAVE with us today.  
 "EDWIN MARKHAM."  
 AND EDWIN got up.  
 AND RAISED his glass.  
 AND SAID:  
 "HERE'S A ho!"  
 AND THE party broke up.



I THANK you.

STROLLED.  
LAST NIGHT.  
UPON THE Zone.  
AND WANDERING feet.  
LED ME within.  
THE INCUBATOR place.  
AND THERE I saw.  
ITS OF humanity.  
CARCE ANY larger.  
HAN THE hand of him.  
WHO TOLD me.  
AND THE other curious ones.  
WHO TRAILED along.  
N AIMLESS mission.  
UCH AS I.  
HE SECRETS.  
OUND BY science.  
N ITS work.  
O KEEP and hold.  
OR BETTER.  
R FOR worse.  
HE SPARKS of life.  
E GAZED upon.  
ND I went out.  
ROM THERE.  
NTO THE throng.  
HAT LAUGHED its way.  
LONG THE Zone.  
ND WANDERED on.  
ND HEARD the muttering.  
F AN aeroplane.  
ND SAW Art Smith.  
OUCH LIPS.  
I ALMOST seemed.  
ITH DEATH.  
ND WONDERED why.  
HIS STRIFE.  
P WHERE the babies were.  
O FAN the spark.  
ND KEEP the glow.  
ND I went on.

AND OUT.  
AND CAME downtown.  
AND MET.  
A HUMAN derelict.  
WHO CRAVED a dime.  
THAT HE might eat.  
OR DRINK.  
AND ANYWAY.  
I GAVE it him.  
AND WANDERED on.  
AND BOUGHT a paper.  
FROM A man.  
WITH CRIPPLED hands.  
WHO LOOKED.  
AS THOUGH.  
HE'D REACHED the mark.  
OF THREE-SCORE ten.  
AND I went home.  
AND READ.  
ABOUT A victory.  
IN WHICH a submarine.  
HAD SUNK a ship.  
FULL MANNED.  
AND FILLED with troops.  
AND ALL had died.  
AND I went off to sleep.  
STILL WONDERING.  
WHY THE incubator battle.  
ON THE Zone?



I THANK you.

SIX WEEKS ago.  
 FROM WAY up north.  
 I BORROWED.  
 FROM A friend of mine.  
 WHO ALSO happens.  
 TO BE relative.  
 A BOY.  
 WHOM I had known.  
 SINCE FIRST he came.  
 IN SWADDLING clothes.  
 TO PUT a light.  
 IN EYES of her.  
 WHO CALLS him son.  
 AND SWELLING pride.  
 IN HEART of him.  
 WHO IS his dad.  
 AND IN those weeks.  
 THIS BOY and I.  
 HAVE TRAVELED much.  
 AND DONE the Zone.  
 A DOZEN times.  
 AND SAT.  
 THROUGH FEARFUL.  
 PICTURE SHOWS.  
 THAT HE thought grand.  
 AND I thought grand.  
 BECAUSE HE laughed.  
 OR BREATHLESS sat.  
 IN AWFUL fear.  
 THAT HEROINE.  
 WOULD SLIP.  
 AND FALL.  
 AND WE have lunched.  
 LIKE TWO grown men.  
 AND SOMETIME.  
 HE HAS bought the lunch.  
 AND SOMETIMES I.  
 AND WE'VE been down.  
 THROUGH CHINATOWN.  
 AND ON the border.  
 OF THE underworld.

AND I have seen.  
 THAT HE had seen.  
 THE WOE and grief.  
 THAT COMES from there.  
 AND EVERY morning.  
 SINCE HE came to me.  
 WE'VE WALKED downtown.  
 AND IF there's subject.  
 THAT WE'VE not discussed.  
 IT'S BEEN too deep.  
 FOR BOTH of us.  
 AND YESTERDAY.  
 HE WENT away.  
 UPON A boat.  
 BACK TO his home.  
 AND LEFT me here.  
 WITHOUT A pal.  
 UNLESS IT be.  
 THAT I can find.  
 SOME OTHER boy.  
 WHOSE FATHER.  
 HAS SO much to do.  
 HE HASN'T time.  
 TO LEARN the joy.  
 THAT YOUTH.  
 AND MIDDLE age can find.  
 IN TAKING youth.  
 TO MIDDLE age.  
 AND MIDDLE age.  
 TO YOUTH again.  
 I THANK you, boy.  
 FOR SIX fine weeks.



I THANK you.

I HAVE a friend.  
 WHO SITS all day.  
 AND WEEK.  
 AND MONTH.  
 WITHIN A chair.  
 AND CANNOT walk.  
 AND HANDS.  
 ARE IDLE.  
 AS A baby's hands.  
 AND WHERE she sits.  
 A WINDOW is.  
 FROM WHICH she looks.  
 UPON THE sea.  
 AND BUSY streets.  
 AND YESTERDAY.  
 I CALLED on her.  
 AND FOUND her smile.  
 SO FULL of cheer.  
 THAT LITTLE troubles.  
 THAT I had.  
 TOOK WINGS.  
 AND SO we sat.  
 AND SHE told me.  
 HOW GOOD it was.  
 TO HAVE the sea.  
 IN ALL its moods.  
 TO LOOK upon.  
 AND HILLS of green.  
 WHEN RAIN came down.  
 AND TURNED to brown.  
 WHEN SUN was high.  
 AND ON the street.  
 SHE POINTED me.  
 SOME LITTLE kids.  
 BOUND HOME.  
 FROM SCHOOL.  
 AND KNEW them all.  
 ALTHOUGH IT was.  
 THEY KNEW her not.  
 AND NAMES she had.  
 FOR ALL of them.

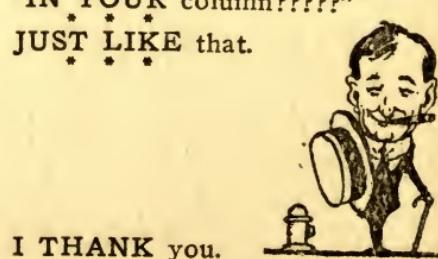
AND LOVED them all.  
 WHICH WASN'T strange.  
 FOR EVERYTHING.  
 WE TALKED about.  
 IT SEEMED to me.  
 BORE SOME sweet joy.  
 INTO HER heart.  
 SHE LOVED the sun.  
 AND MOON.  
 AND STARS.  
 AND WIND that blew.  
 THE CURTAINS straight  
 TO WHERE we sat.  
 SHE LOVED the fog.  
 FOR LIFE it brought.  
 TO LAWNS.  
 AND FLOWERED beds.  
 AND NOUGHT of evil.  
 COULD SHE find.  
 IN ANYTHING.  
 AND THEN it was.  
 MY VISIT spent.  
 I WENT my way.  
 AND I had gone.  
 THAT I might cheer.  
 THIS FRIEND of mine.  
 AND CAME away.  
 WITH MORE of cheer.  
 THAN I had had.  
 AND SO it is.  
 I SAY to her.



I THANK you.

**H**E WAS an old man.  
**A**ND HE had a wooden leg.  
**A**ND HE was being jostled.  
**BY T**HE crowd.  
**T**HAT WAS coming out.  
**O**F THE fair.  
**A**ND MR. Charles L. Davis.  
**W**HO IS a banker.  
**A**ND WHO had gone with me.  
**T**O SEE Stella.  
**S**AID TO me:  
**"L**ET'S GET a jitney.  
**"A**ND TAKE him home.  
**"I**T MAY be.  
**"H**E'S AN old soldier."  
**A**ND WE hired a Ford.  
**A**ND SAID to him:  
**"C**OME ALONG, father.  
**"W**E'LL TAKE you home."  
**A**ND CHARLIE helped him.  
**T**O THE front seat.  
**A**ND HAD trouble.  
**W**ITH THE wooden leg.  
**A**ND THE driver saw it.  
**A**ND SAID:  
**"W**HAT IS this?"  
**A**ND FATHER said:  
**"I**IT'S MY leg."  
**A**ND THE driver said:  
**"I**TCAN'T stick out like that.  
**"Y**OU'LL HAVE to take it in."  
**A**ND CHARLIE said:  
**"L**ET'S OPEN the windshield.  
**"A**ND STICK it through."  
**A**ND I said:  
**"I** WOODEN do that."  
**A**ND LAUGHED.  
**I** THOUGHT I'd die.  
**A**ND WE did it.  
**A**ND FATHER said:  
**"I**F YOU'RE going.

**"T**O LEAVE it there.  
**"Y**OU'LL HAVE to take it off.  
**"I**'VE GOT a cramp."  
**A**ND WE unbuckled it.  
**A**ND TOOK it off.  
**A**ND ALL got in.  
**A**ND CHARLIE held it.  
**T**ILL HE got so nervous.  
**H**E COULDN'T.  
**A**ND GAVE it to me.  
**A**ND I kept thinking.  
**O**F FATHER.  
**I**N THE front seat.  
**W**HILE I.  
**W**AS IN the back seat.  
**W**ITH HIS leg.  
**O**N MY lap.  
**I**T WASN'T natural.  
**A**ND I said to Charlie:  
**"Y**OU STARTED this.  
**"Y**OU'LL HAVE to finish it.  
**"I**M GOING to get out."  
**A**ND I stopped the car.  
**A**ND GOT out.  
**A**ND FATHER cried:  
**"G**IMME MY leg."  
**A**ND I gimmied it to him.  
**A**ND TOOK a car.  
**A**ND CAME to the office.  
**A**ND TOLD Charlie Upton.  
**A**ND HE said:  
**"W**RITE SOMETHING about it."  
**A**ND I said:  
**"I**IT SOUNDS so silly."  
**A**ND HE said:  
**"I**N YOUR column?????  
**J**UST LIKE that.



I THANK you.

I HAVE a letter.  
 FROM A man.  
 WHO SEEKS to feel.  
 RESENTMENT.  
 BECAUSE I have referred.  
 AT DIFFERENT times.  
 TO CANADA.  
 AND TO the fact.  
 THAT I was born there.  
 I DON'T know why.  
 HE IS so sore.  
 FOR I can't see.  
 WHAT MATTERS it.  
 WHERE HE.  
 OR I.  
 OR ANY one of us.  
 WAS BORN.  
 SO THAT.  
 WE DO not waste.  
 THE TALENTS.  
 GIVEN US.  
 THE SUN.  
 THAT SHINES on Canada.  
 SHINES HERE.  
 AND SHINES on Bethlehem.  
 THE STAR.  
 THAT LED the shepherds.  
 WITH THEIR gifts.  
 O'ER PATHS in Palestine.  
 LEADS SHIPS.  
 ACROSS THE seas.  
 TODAY.  
 TO EVERY land.  
 AND MEN today.  
 WHO ROAM the plains.  
 AND WOODS.  
 IN CANADA.  
 OR HERE.  
 OR ANYWHERE.  
 USE THIS same star.  
 TO GUIDE them.

AND IF.  
 THE STAR.  
 THAT LED the shepherds.  
 LEADS YOU.  
 OR ME.  
 TO HERE.  
 OR THERE.  
 OR ANYWHERE.  
 AND IF.  
 WE DO our work.  
 NO MATTER what it be.  
 SO THAT.  
 WE DO not break.  
 THE LAWS.  
 OF GOD.  
 OR MAN.  
 IT SEEKS to me.  
 THAT HE.  
 WHO WATCHES over us.  
 CAN WATCH o'er me.  
 AS WELL.  
 DOWN HERE.  
 AS UP in Canada.



I THANK you.

THE OTHER night.  
 I WENT to a banquet.  
 AND HAD a seat.  
 NEXT TO Reuben Hale.  
 AND HE didn't know me.  
 BUT HE knew I was there.  
 IN THE crowd.  
 SOMEWHERE.  
 AND WE talked for a while.  
 IN A most polite way.  
 AND THEN he said:  
 "I HEARD someone say.  
 "K. C. B. WAS here.  
 "DO YOU know where he is?"  
 AND I said I did.  
 AND NODDED my head.  
 TOWARD JOHN M. Jackson.  
 THE PASTOR.  
 OF HAMILTON M. E. Church.  
 AND HE looked at him.  
 AND SAID to me:  
 "HE DON'T look like a nut."  
 AND AFTER a while.  
 HE SAID to me:  
 "AND WHO are you?"  
 AND I spoke up.  
 AND SAID to him.  
 THAT I.  
 WAS THE Rev. John M. Jackson.  
 OF THE Hamilton M. E. Church.  
 AND AFTER that.  
 HE INTONED.  
 EVERYTHING HE said.  
 AND TALKED about churches.  
 AND SUNDAY schools.  
 AND A lot of other things.  
 THAT NEITHER of us.  
 KNEW ANYTHING about.  
 AND I got mixed up.  
 AND TOLD him.  
 I WAS an Episcopalian.

AND I am.  
 AND HE said:  
 "IF YOU'RE an Episcopalian.  
 "WHY DO you preach.  
 "IN A Methodist Church?"  
 AND I had to get out of it.  
 AND SAID:  
 "IT'S THE only place.  
 "I COULD get work."  
 AND HE said:  
 "IS IT customary.  
 "FOR MINISTERS.  
 "TO SWITCH around.  
 "LIKE THAT?"  
 AND I said: "Yes.  
 "WE DON'T care a \_\_\_\_\_.  
 "WHERE WE work.  
 "SO LONG as we're paid."  
 AND HE was surprised.  
 AND SHOCKED.  
 AND DIDN'T talk to me.  
 THE REST of the evening.  
 AND I'M writing this.  
 SO HE'LL know.  
 HE WAS talking to me.  
 AND NOT the minister.  
 I WOULDN'T want him.  
 TO KNOCK Mr. Jackson.  
 IT WOULDN'T be right.  
 AND I'M sorry.  
 AND APOLOGIZE.  
 AND EVERYTHING.



I THANK you.

TODAY.  
 IS MOTHERS' day.  
 AND YOU and I.  
 WEAR WHITE carnations.  
 IN THE lapels.  
 OF OUR coats.  
 AND THEN forget.  
 AND HURRY through.  
 THE GRUESOME tale.  
 THAT TELLS.  
 OF FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN.  
 WHO BORE no arms.  
 AGAINST A fellow-man.  
 GONE DOWN.  
 TO DEATH.  
 BECAUSE ONE man.  
 OF WOMAN born.  
 HAS SO decreed.  
 AND THEN.  
 DO I.  
 AND OTHERS.  
 BORN BENEATH.  
 THE SHELTER.  
 OF THE Maple Leaf.  
 SCAN LISTS.  
 THAT COME from battlefields.  
 AND FIND thereon.  
 THE NAMES of boys.  
 WE KNEW.  
 AND I can see.  
 THROUGH ALL the mist.  
 THAT DIMS the years.  
 SINCE CHILDHOOD days.  
 THE MOTHERS.  
 OF A score of those.  
 AND IN the picture.  
 THAT I see.  
 THEY SEEM.  
 THE EPITOME of peace.  
 AND SO they were.  
 AND SO they are.

AND YET!  
 THEY BRED.  
 THESE THINGS.  
 THAT LIE on battlefields.  
 AND KILL.  
 AND DIE.  
 AND NOW.  
 IN LANDS.  
 THAT HAVE been robbed.  
 OF MEN.  
 FOR SACRIFICE.  
 THEY'RE ASKED.  
 TO BREED.  
 MORE MEN.  
 LIKE CATTLE breed.  
 TO STOP depletion.  
 OF THE herds.  
 THAT GO.  
 EACH YEAR.  
 TO SLAUGHTER pens!  
 AND WE wear white carnations.  
 IN OUR buttonholes.  
 WHY NOT.  
 A BLOOD-RED rose!  
 THAT WOULDN'T soil.  
 IF DROPPED.  
 ON BATTLEFIELD?



**T**HREE'S SOMETHING.  
 "ON ME," I said.  
 TO THE waiter.  
 "THAT I didn't put on.  
 "AND IF you'll tell the cook.  
 "TO HOLD my order.  
 "FOR A little while.  
 "I'LL BE back."  
 AND I went out.  
 INTO THE lobby.  
 OF THE Old Faithful Inn.  
 AND FOUND Joe Kathrens.  
 WHO IS the manager.  
 AND SAID:  
 "LISTEN, KATE.  
 "I MEAN, listen, Joe.  
 "THERE'S SOMETHING on me.  
 "AND WHATEVER it is.  
 "IT'S BEWILDERED.  
 "IT KEEPS going all the time.  
 "AND I'M nervous.  
 "AND CAN'T eat.  
 "AND I want a room.  
 "FOR A little while."  
 AND JOE called a boy.  
 A JAPANESE boy.  
 AND SAID to the boy:  
 "TAKE THE gentleman.  
 "TO MY apartments."  
 AND HE did.  
 AND I told him.  
 WHAT AILED me.  
 AND HE laughed.  
 AND SAID:  
 "YOU KNOW him flee?"  
 AND I said:  
 "YOU KNOW him what?"  
 AND HE said:  
 "HIM FLEE?"  
 AND I said:  
 "WHY HIM flee?"

AND HE said:  
 "WHY HIM flee?"  
 AND I said, "Yes.  
 "WHY HIM flee?"  
 AND HE said:  
 "YOU MEAN Art Smith.  
 "HIM FLY?"  
 AND I said:  
 "I MEAN him flee.  
 "WHAT YOU mean.  
 "HIM FLEE?"  
 AND HE said:  
 "HIM FLEE?"  
 AND I said, "Yes.  
 "HIM FLEE."  
 AND HE said:  
 "HIM FLEE.  
 "YOU KNOW him?"  
 AND I said:  
 "LISTEN, TOGO.  
 "WHO IS him.  
 "AND WHY did him flee?"  
 AND TOGO said:  
 "WHY YOU come here?"  
 AND I said:  
 "YOU CAN search me."  
 AND HE did.  
 AND FOUND a flea.  
 AND THEN I knew.  
 WHAT WE'D been talking about.  
 AND WE shook hands.  
 AND WENT downstairs.



I THANK you.

Dear K. C. B.: We read your story about he cat and liked it very much, and that night father brought home a little puppy, and when we were talking about a name for it I wanted to call it K. C. B., but mother said that wouldn't be nice unless you said we could. Do you mind if we call it K. C. B.? It is a nice little puppy, and father says it is a thoroughbred. We are not going to name it until you answer this letter. Your friend,  
JANE CLARK.

**A**ND FOR the reason.  
**A** THAT YOUR pup.  
**M**UST NAMELESS be.  
**D**EAR JANE.  
**U**NTIL.  
**Y**OU GET response.  
**F**ROM ME.  
**I** LOSE no time.  
**I**N WRITING you.  
**T**O SAY.  
**T**HAT I'LL be proud.  
**I**F IT shall bear.  
**T**HE NAME you ask.  
**F**OR I do know.  
**I**T WILL be borne.  
**T**HROUGH ALL the years.  
**Y**OUR PUPPY lives.  
**B**Y LOYAL friend.  
**T**O YOU.  
**A**ND YOURS.  
**A**ND ALL I ask.  
**T**HAT YOU shall do.  
**F**OR ME.  
**I**S THAT you'll see.  
**Y**OUR K. C. B.  
**I**S RIGHTLY fed.  
**A**ND THAT somewhere.  
**W**ITHIN HIS reach.  
**Y**OU'LL PUT a pan.  
**A**ND KEEP it filled.  
**W**ITH WATER clear.  
**T**HAT HE may drink.  
**F**OR YOU must know.  
**T**HAT LITTLE pups.  
**A**ND GROWN dogs.

**DEPEND.****AS MUCH** as little babes.**UPON THE** folks.**WHOM THEY** love most.**AND WHEN** you play.**WITH K. C. B.****UNTIL HE'S** grown.**DON'T PULL** his little ears.**AND TAIL.****OR STICK** your fingers.**IN HIS** eyes.**AS LITTLE** kids.**SO OFTEN** do.**AND LISTEN,** Jane.**I'D SOONER** have.**THIS NAME** of mine.**TACKED TO** a dog.**TO ANY** dog.**THAN TO** a lot of boys.**I'VE SEEN.****THROW STONES** at dogs.**OR TO** a lot of men.**I KNOW.****WHOSE LOYALTY.****EXTENDS NOT** past.**THE THINGS** they want.**FOR JUST** themselves.**AND JANE.****IF EVER** K. C. B.**GETS IN** a scrap.**DON'T CRY.****UNLESS HE'S** licked.**HE'S MADE** that way.**IT'S NOT** his fault.

I THANK you.

I GOT all shaved.  
 AND SHINED.  
 AND EVERYTHING.  
 AND WENT up the hill.  
 TO THE Fairmont.  
 AND SAID.  
 TO MR. Ludwig Van Orden.  
 THE OFFICE manager.  
 I SAID:  
 "WILL YOU kindly say.  
 "TO MISS Elsie Ferguson.  
 "THE 'OUTCAST.'  
 "THAT I am here."  
 AND LUDDIE said:  
 "I WILL do that little thing."  
 JUST LIKE that.  
 AND HE did.  
 AND SAID to me:  
 "SHE WANTS to know.  
 "WHO YOU are."  
 AND I told him.  
 AND HE said:  
 "IT'S K. C. B."  
 AND SHE said:  
 "JUST TELL him.  
 "I DON'T want any baking powder.  
 "TODAY."  
 AND THEN she laughed.  
 AND SAID to Luddie:  
 "I'M COMING right down."  
 AND SHE did.  
 AND AS soon as I saw her.  
 I KNEW right away.  
 I'D MADE a mistake.  
 I'M A married man.  
 AND I used to belong.  
 TO THE Band of Hope.  
 AND I ought to leave 'em alone.  
 BUT I can't.  
 AND I'D be all right.  
 IF I didn't have.

THE INVITING habit.  
 IT KEEPS me in trouble.  
 ALL THE time.  
 I'M IMPULSIVE.  
 OR WHATEVER it is.  
 WHEN YOU take men home.  
 TO DINNER.  
 WITHOUT TELLING your wife  
 AND RIGHT away.  
 AS SOON as I saw her.  
 I SAID:  
 "LISTEN, ELSIE.  
 "I'VE JUST called.  
 "TO SEE if you'll go.  
 "FOR A motor trip.  
 "ON FRIDAY morning."  
 AND SHE said:  
 "WHY, YOU dear little man.  
 "OF COURSE I will."  
 AND THERE you are.  
 AND I haven't any motor.  
 AND IT'S the end of the week.  
 AND PAYDAY'S Monday.  
 AND IT'S my party.  
 AND I can't ask Elsie.  
 TO PAY for the car.  
 AND I'M married.  
 AND IT'LL be windy.  
 AND I'LL have trouble.  
 AND EVERYTHING.  
 AND ANYWAY.  
 I'LL TELL you about it.  
 ON SATURDAY morning.



I THANK you.

I TRIED to borrow a car.  
 FROM A millionaire.  
 WHO ONLY has four.  
 AND HE couldn't spare one.  
 SO I hired a car.  
 THAT GOES anywhere.  
 AND WE took down the sign.  
 AND CLIMBED up the hill.  
 TO THE Fairmont Hotel.  
 AND I went in.  
 AND ASKED.  
 FOR MISS Elsie Ferguson.  
 AND SHE was ready.  
 AND WE started.  
 AND SHE told me a story.  
 ABOUT A girl friend.  
 WHO WAS sick.  
 AND POOR.  
 AND LIVED in San Francisco.  
 AND ASKED.  
 IF WE might drive around.  
 TO WHERE she lived.  
 AND I wanted to tell her.  
 IT WAS a rent car.  
 BY THE hour.  
 BUT SHE thought it was mine.  
 AND I didn't.  
 AND WE drove around.  
 TO THE girl's flat.  
 AND I went in.  
 WITH ELSIE.  
 AND WAS introduced.  
 AND STOOD around.  
 WHILE THEY hugged.  
 AND KISSED.  
 AND THEY did it very well.  
 FOR GIRLS.  
 AND FOR a little while.  
 I WAS worried.  
 ABOUT THE car.  
 BY THE hour.

BUT THE girl.  
 WAS SO pale.  
 AND HAPPY.  
 I GOT over it.  
 AND WE talked.  
 AND LAUGHED.  
 AND TOLD stories.  
 AND AFTER a while.  
 THE CHEEKS of the girl.  
 STOLE SOME of the bloom.  
 FROM A rose.  
 THAT SHE wore.  
 AND THE sun got around.  
 ON ITS western trip.  
 AND WE nibbled at crackers.  
 AND DRANK some tea.  
 AND THE girl.  
 THAT WAS sick.  
 SEEMED THE happiest one.  
 OF THE three of us.  
 AND WE left her there.  
 WITH A bloom on her cheek.  
 AND A light in her eye.  
 AND WENT downstairs.  
 AND GOT in the car.  
 AND A gust of wind.  
 BLEW A card.  
 ON THE floor.  
 AND IT said.  
 ON THE card:  
 "WE GO anywhere."  
 AND ELSIE saw it.  
 AND DIDN'T laugh.



I THANK you.

TODAY A nation.  
OF ONE hundred.  
MILLION SOULS.  
PAYS TRIBUTE.  
TO THE men who made it.  
AND EVERYWHERE.  
IN COUNTRY lane.  
AND CITY street.  
WHERE FLIES.  
THE STARS and Stripes.  
ARE EYELIDS.  
DIM WITH tears.  
FOR THOSE who died.  
AND FOR the remnant.  
THAT WITH faltering step.  
KEEPES TIME.  
AS BEST it can.  
TO FIFE and drum.  
THAT FIFTY years ago.  
LED MEN to death.  
AND WIVES to widowhood.  
AND STAINED.  
A LAND.  
WHERE PEACE has dwelt.  
FOR ALL time since.  
AND IN these ranks.  
THAT MARCH today.  
ARE SCORES.  
OF VACANT places.  
THAT TWELVE months ago.  
WERE FILLED.  
WITH FEEBLED veterans.  
AND IN a twelvemonth hence.  
STILL OTHERS.  
WILL HAVE passed awy.  
AND THEN.  
AT LAST.  
THE TIME.  
WILL COME.  
WHEN BUGLE call.  
WILL SOUND.

AND SOUND again.  
AND ECHO.  
ONLY OUT of graves.  
AND DRUMS.  
WILL ROLL.  
FOR EARS.  
THAT HEAR them not.  
AND SIGHING wind.  
WILL SING a requiem.  
WHILE YOU and I.  
AND YOURS and mine.  
SHALL PLACE.  
WITH REVERENT hand.  
UPON THE mounds.  
IN WHICH.  
OUR SOLDIERS lie.  
A WEALTH of flowers.  
PLUCKED FROM the soil.  
THEY LOVED.  
AND LEFT to us.



I THANK you.

AND THERE.  
 A WEREN'T ANY seats.  
 ON THE outside.  
 AND I went on the inside.  
 OR IN the inside.  
 OR WHATEVER it is.  
 AND SAT down.  
 AND THE car stopped.  
 AT THE next corner.  
 AND TWO women got on.  
 AND CAME in.  
 AND SAT down.  
 OPPOSITE ME.  
 AND LOOKED at me.  
 AND AT each other.  
 AND SAID something.  
 AND SMILED.  
 AND I filled my lungs.  
 FULL OF air.  
 OR WHATEVER it was.  
 IN THE car.  
 AND SAID to myself:  
 "THEY KNOW me.  
 "SUCH IS fame."  
 AND GOT off.  
 AND MY red garter.  
 WAS HANGING down.  
 OVER MY shoe.  
 AND I fixed it.  
 IN AN alley.  
 AND WENT on.  
 AND MET William H. Field.  
 THE FAMOUS detective.  
 AND TOLD him.  
 WHAT HAD happened.  
 AND HE looked at the garter.  
 AND SAID.  
 IT LOOKED all right.  
 BUT THAT men.  
 WHO WORE.  
 THAT KIND of garter.

HAD TO have calves.  
 OR MUSCLES.  
 OR SOMETHING.  
 TO KEEP them up.  
 AND LAUGHED.  
 AND SAID.  
 I OUGHT to use.  
 ADHESIVE PLASTER.  
 INSTEAD OF garters.  
 AND THE next morning.  
 I TRIED it.  
 AND THAT night.  
 I HAD to use.  
 WARM WATER.  
 TO GET my socks off.  
 AND THE plaster.  
 STUCK TO my fingers.  
 AND I had to tack it.  
 TO THE window sill.  
 AND BACK away.  
 AND IT'S going to stay there.  
 TILL IT dries.  
 AND AFTER this.  
 I'M NOT going to worry.  
 ABOUT GARTERS.  
 I'M GOING to fix it.  
 WITH THE laundry.  
 TO STARCH my socks.  
 SO THEY'LL stand up.  
 WITHOUT HELP.  
 DID YOU ever read.  
 ANYTHING SO silly.  
 IN YOUR life?



I THANK you.

I HAVE a clipping.  
 IN THE mail.  
 FROM A friend.  
 AND IT makes me glad.  
 FOR IT says.  
 THAT THIS season.  
 WOMEN ARE going.  
 TO WEAR spines.  
 AND HIPS.  
 AND ARE going to have arms.  
 AND WAISTLINES.  
 AND INSTEAD of slouching.  
 ALONG THE street.  
 THEY'RE GOING to stand up.  
 AND WALK.  
 AND TRY to look.  
 LESS LIKE kangaroos.  
 AND MORE like mothers.  
 AND SISTERS.  
 AND WIVES.  
 AND SWEETHEARTS.  
 AND INSTEAD of tying.  
 THEIR FEET together.  
 WITH SKIRTS.  
 AND HOPPING along.  
 THEY'RE GOING to take steps.  
 JUST AS long.  
 AS THEIR legs.  
 WILL LET them.  
 OR THEIR limbs.  
 OR WHATEVER they are.  
 THIS SEASON.  
 AND THIS winter.  
 WHEN WE go to dances.  
 WE'RE GOING to know.  
 WHERE TO reach.  
 FOR THE waists.  
 OF OUR partners.  
 AND IT'LL be fine.  
 AND ALL that.  
 AND WHILE they're at it.

WON'T THE dressmakers.  
 OR HELEN Igoe.  
 OR WHOEVER it is.  
 PLEASE FIX it.  
 SO THAT there'll be a covering  
 OR SOMETHING.  
 OVER THE backs.  
 OF OUR partners.  
 SO WHEN our hands.  
 REACH AROUND.  
 WE WON'T have.  
 TO BE careful.  
 AND BESIDES.  
 WHEN THE Lord.  
 MADE THE backs.  
 OF THEIR necks.  
 I DON'T think.  
 HE INTENDED.  
 THEY SHOULD reach.  
 TO THEIR waists.  
 AND I ask this.  
 IN THE name of.  
 JAMES CRAWFORD Marmaduke.  
 AND DR. Frank Shaw.  
 AND A lot of other fellows.  
 WHO AREN'T married.  
 AND WILL have to wear mittens.  
 OR QUIT.



I THANK you.

I F.  
IN THE year.  
THAT'S USHERED in.  
TODAY.  
IT'S GIVEN me.  
TO DO.  
EACH DAY.  
A KINDLY deed.  
I SHALL be satisfied.  
IF I can stand.  
BESIDE THE road.  
AND WATCH temptation.  
HASTEN ON.  
WITH ALL the marks.  
OF JOY.  
TO PLACES.  
LIGHT.  
WITH WHAT seems life.  
AND HEED it not.  
I SHALL be satisfied.  
IF I can smile.  
WHEN SMILES.  
WILL HELP the other man.  
AND LAUGH.  
WHEN IT will drive.  
SOME TEAR away.  
I SHALL be satisfied.  
IF I can look.  
EACH DAY.  
INTO THE eye.  
THAT GREETS me.  
WHEN MY work is done.  
AND I am home.  
AND HOLD that look.  
WITHOUT A quiver.  
OR A glance away.  
I SHALL be satisfied.  
IF I can look.  
EACH DAY.  
INTO THE eye.  
OF HIM.

WHO PAYS me.  
FOR THE work I do.  
AND HOLD that look.  
THEN, TOO.  
I SHALL be satisfied.  
IF I can keep.  
THE FRIENDSHIP.  
OF THE men.  
WHO TOIL with me.  
AND SEE me most.  
AND ADD to that.  
THE FRIENDSHIP.  
OF THE others.  
THAT THE year will bring.  
I SHALL be satisfied.  
IF HUNGRY dog.  
OR OTHER creature.  
THAT THE Lord has made.  
COMES ON my path.  
AND IT is given me.  
TO HEAL its sufferings.  
I SHALL be satisfied.  
AND SO.  
I SHALL be satisfied.  
IF I but merely.  
DO THE things.  
I OUGHT to do.



I THANK you.

I THINK I'm in bad.  
 \* \* \*  
 I WITH DENIS Donohoe.  
 \* \* \*  
 WHO WRITES finance.  
 \* \* \*  
 OR WHATEVER it is.  
 \* \* \*  
 FOR "THE Examiner."  
 \* \* \*  
 HE TOOK me over.  
 \* \* \*  
 TO SAN Rafael.  
 \* \* \*  
 WHERE HE lives.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND WE went on a visit.  
 \* \* \*  
 TO SOME neighbors.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND AT one place.  
 \* \* \*  
 THE MALE neighbor.  
 \* \* \*  
 WAS SPRINKLING the lawn.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND WAS called.  
 \* \* \*  
 TO THE telephone.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND HANDED me.  
 \* \* \*  
 THE HOSE.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND I was sprinkling.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND I heard someone.  
 \* \* \*  
 CALL MY name.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND LOOKED.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND IT was Herman Van Luven.  
 \* \* \*  
 IN AN automobile.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND WHEN I turned.  
 \* \* \*  
 I DIDN'T pay any attention.  
 \* \* \*  
 TO THE hose.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND HIT Denis.  
 \* \* \*  
 RIGHT UNDER the chin.  
 \* \* \*  
 WITH A half-inch stream.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND HE yelled.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND I turned again.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND GOT excited.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND POINTED the hose.  
 \* \* \*  
 AT A window.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND IT was open.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND I washed a lot of china.  
 \* \* \*  
 OFF A table.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND SOMEONE screamed.  
 \* \* \*  
 IN A soprano voice.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND IT added.  
 \* \* \*  
 TO THE excitement.

AND THERE was a man.  
 \* \* \*  
 GOING BY.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND I hit him.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND HE came toward me.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND I ran.  
 \* \* \*  
 WITH THE hose.  
 \* \* \*  
 THERE WERE fifty feet.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND ON the porch.  
 \* \* \*  
 OF THE next house.  
 \* \* \*  
 THERE WAS a little baby.  
 \* \* \*  
 ON THE floor.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND I hit it.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND SLUICED it off.  
 \* \* \*  
 INTO A window box.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND EVERBODY yelled.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND I turned again.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND HIT Denis.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND HE stood up.  
 \* \* \*  
 ON HIS tiptoes.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND MADE a dive.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND SWAM over.  
 \* \* \*  
 TO WHERE I was.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND GRABBED me.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND HELD me.  
 \* \* \*  
 WHILE THE strange man.  
 \* \* \*  
 BROKE MY hold.  
 \* \* \*  
 ON THE hose.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND LED me away.  
 \* \* \*  
 AND WHEN I looked back.  
 \* \* \*  
 DENIS WAS dragging.  
 \* \* \*  
 IN THE window box.  
 \* \* \*  
 FOR THE baby.  
 \* \* \*  
 WE HAD an awful time.



I THANK you.

THE OTHER night.  
 I WAS invited.  
 TO THE home.  
 WHERE THE nurses live.  
 FROM A Methodist hospital.  
 AND THERE was a piano.  
 AND SOMEBODY played.  
 "TOO MUCH Mustard."  
 AND IT'S a one-step.  
 AND I wanted to dance.  
 AND TOLD one of the girls.  
 AND SHE looked at me.  
 HORROR-STRICKEN.  
 AND SAID:  
 "NOT SO loud.  
 "THE MATRON will hear you.  
 "WE CAN'T dance.  
 "IT'S AGAINST the rules."  
 AND THE very next night.  
 A MAN I know.  
 ASKED ME to go.  
 TO A Guild meeting.  
 OR SOMETHING.  
 AT AN Episcopal church.  
 AND AFTER the programme.  
 THEY MOVED the chairs.  
 AND WE danced.  
 TILL WE had to run.  
 FOR THE last car.  
 AND SUNDAY morning.  
 I READ in the paper.  
 THAT A church parish.  
 OVER AT Oakland.  
 WAS MAKING arrangements.  
 FOR A whist tournament.  
 AND THAT handsome prizes.  
 WOULD BE given away.  
 AND WEDNESDAY afternoon.  
 I WENT out to Van Ness.  
 TO HEAR Billy Sunday.  
 AND HE told us.

THAT IF we danced.  
 OR PLAYED cards.  
 WE'D BE a poor risk.  
 FOR FIRE insurance.  
 AND WHAT with this.  
 AND ALL the countries.  
 THAT ARE at war.  
 PRAYING FOR victory.  
 IN THEIR churches.  
 EVERY SUNDAY.  
 IT LOOKS to me.  
 AS THOUGH after a while.  
 THE LORD.  
 WOULD GIVE it up.  
 AND JUST sit back.  
 AND SAY:  
 "GO TO it.  
 "I'M NOT going to help.  
 "EITHER YOU.  
 "OR THE bear."  
 AND BESIDES.  
 I CAN'T figure out.  
 WHAT'LL HAPPEN.  
 TO THE Episcopalians.  
 IF THE Methodists.  
 GO TO Heaven.  
 AND I'M an Episcopalian.  
 AND I'M worried.  
 BECAUSE I'D like to be.  
 WITH THOSE nurses.  
 THEY'RE NICE girls.



Dear K. C. B.—Just reverse the order: We thank you. We are the fellows who occupy the small white beds that are "scattered" with regular order and position over a ward in the Lane Hospital. All walks of life belong to us—from the mines, woods, farms and seas we come—even a soldier, a circus man and a Jewel City merchant are with us. We speak several languages, but we all belong to the "Brotherhood of Man" and each of us is from the "University of Hard Knocks."

Yes, your "gossip" appeals to us, for who doesn't know the folks you know? We know our old friends as you drag them out of the printers' ink each day—that's the reason we like you and them. To you we extend an invitation to call and see us, on view every evening from 7 to 8, four matinees a week, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 4, no music, no flowers, no collection. Come and bring a good time with you.

JOE CHISWELL.  
Medical Ward, Lane Hospital.

I DON'T know Joe.

BUT I do know.

THE ROWS.

OF SMALL white beds.

BACK IN my memory.

I SEE them now.

EACH ONE.

WITH COUNTERPANE deformed.

TO SUIT the mood.

OR EASE the pain.

OF SUFFERER.

I SEE them.

AS THE sun streams in.

AND IN the shadows.

OF THE night.

AND IN the early morn.

WHEN LIFE.

IS AT its lowest ebb.

AND ALL the world.

SEEMS GRAY.

AND COLD.

I SAW them, Joe.

ONE TIME.

WHEN I came back.

FROM JOURNEY.

THAT I took.

TO SHADED vale.

THAT MARKED the line.

THAT ALL of us.

SOME DAY.

MUST PASS.

AND I know.

WHAT IT is.

AND WHAT of gloom.

SEEMS ALL about.

AND WHAT of cheer.

SOME LITTLE thing.

WILL BRING.

AND IF it is.

THAT I have helped.

TO MAKE the hours.

OF YOURSELF.

AND OF the circus man.

SEEM JUST a bit.

MORE CHEERFUL.

THAN THEY might have been.

THEN I am glad.

AND IF it is.

THAT I may help.

A LITTLE more.

I'LL COME some night.

OR TO a matinee.

I'VE GOT a story.

THAT WAS told me.

BY A traveling man.

I'LL TELL it.

TO THE circus man.

AND YOU.



I THANK you, Joe.

# What We Saw at Madame World's Fair

By ELIZABETH GORDON

CHARMING letters from the twins at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition to their cousins at home, describing the wonder and glory of it all.

In this delightful book the gifted author of "Flower Children" brings the wondrous Exposition home to the minds and hearts of all children, everywhere.

The manner in which the beauty and marvels are described cannot fail to appeal to girls and boys of all ages, from six years up to sixty and over.

The bewitching illustrations include many by Bertha Corbett, of "Sunbonnet Babies" fame, and nine splendid photographs reproduced in four colors.

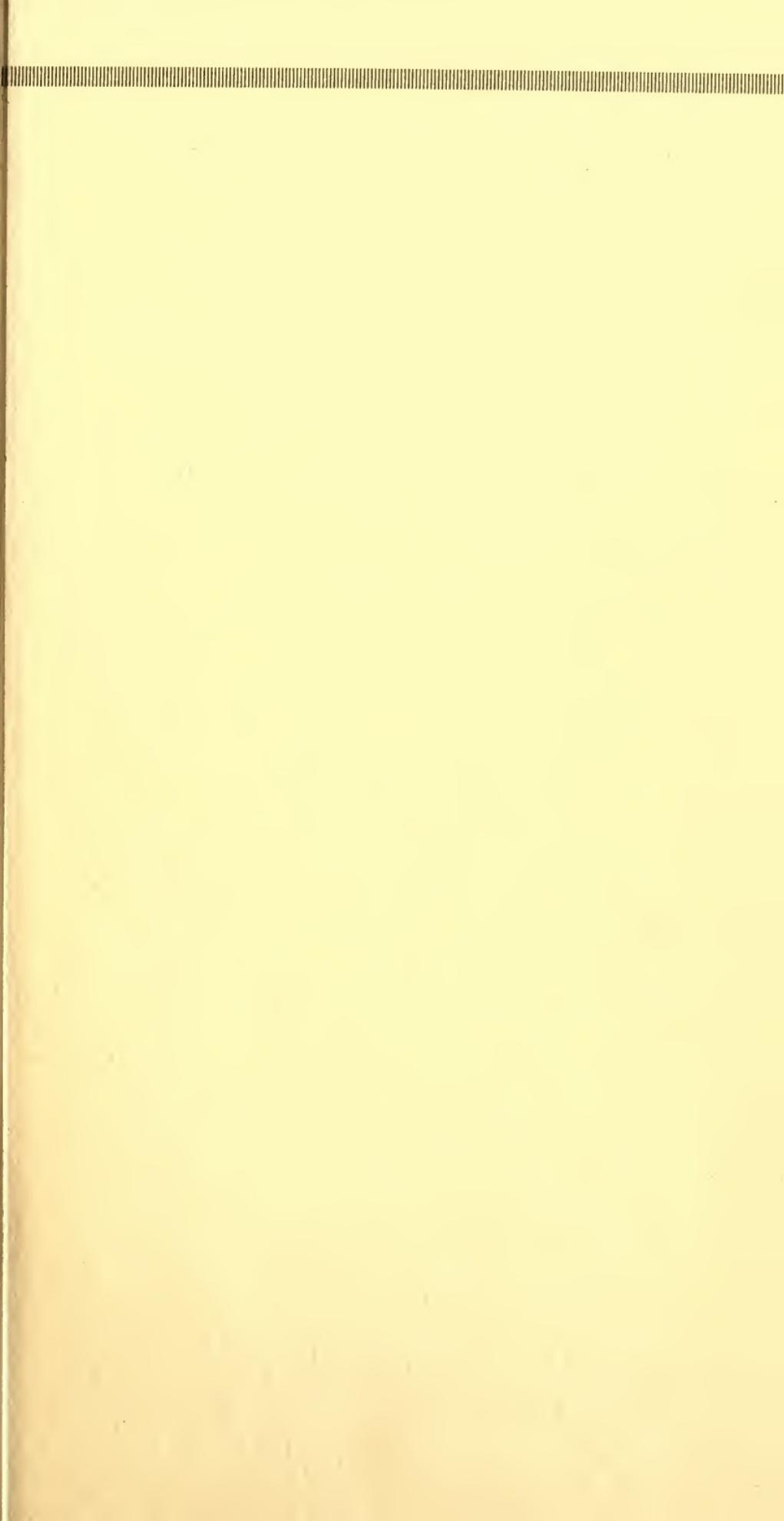
A timely gift book.

Price \$1.25 net

"Wherever Books are Sold"

Samuel Levinson, Publisher  
San Francisco

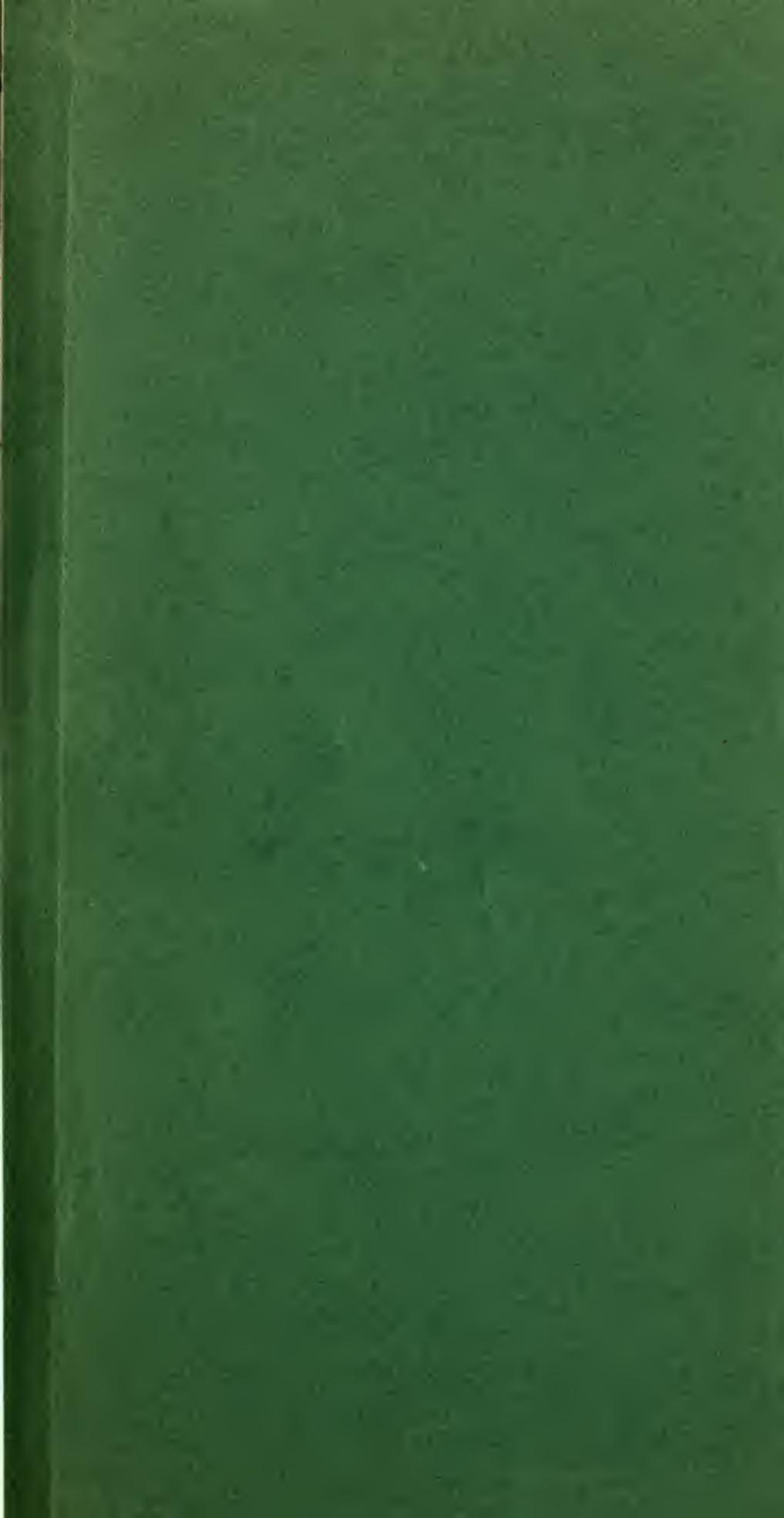


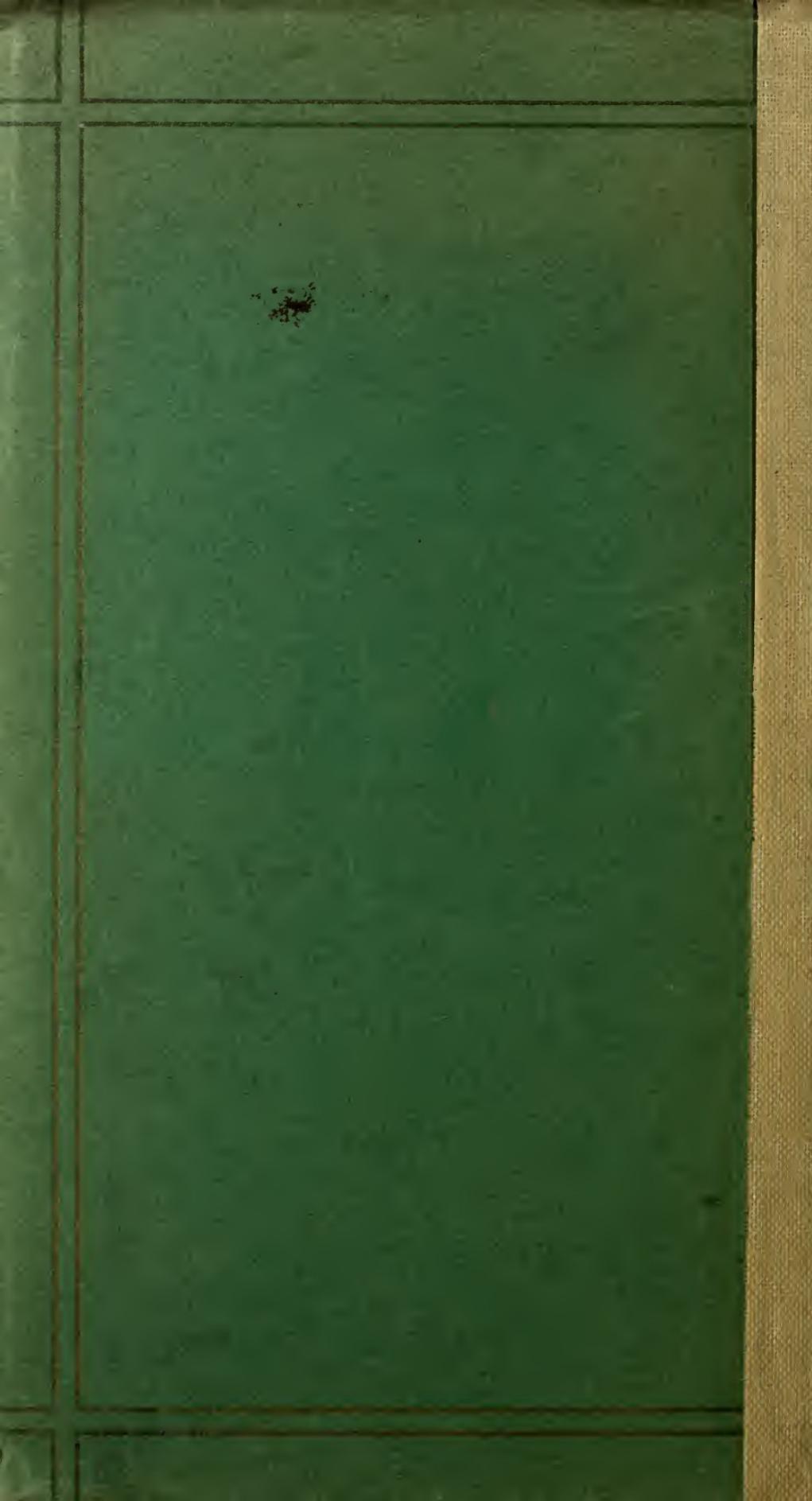












Gaylanc  
Pamph  
Bind  
Gaylord Br  
Stockton  
T. M. Reg. U.

LIBRARY USE

057  
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

THIS BOOK IS DUE BEFORE CLOSING TIME  
ON LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW

LIBRARY USE APR 24 1973

RECD LD APR 24 '73 - 5 PM 28

LD62-10m-2,'71  
(P2003s10)9412-A-32

RY  
General Library  
University of California  
Berkeley

LD21A-20m-3,'73  
(Q8677s10)476-A-31

General Library  
University of California  
Berkeley





